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{ From Beginning,  
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## POETRY.

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## TIRED.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

THE Holy Grail thou hast not vainly sought;  
Splendours have touch'd thee from the life-divine;

But death between my Father's face and mine  
Looms like a swarthy cloud with lightning  
fraught,

And with no hint from hidden glory caught.  
Thine ears have heard the harps of heaven combine;

Thy nostrils smell'd the fields of lilies fine;  
Faith leads thy feet, and past the bars of thought  
Shows paradise; but I nor hear nor see.

Too tired for rapture, scarce I reach and cling  
To one that standeth by with outstretch'd hand;  
Too tired to hold Him if He hold not me:

Too tired to long but for one heavenly thing —  
Rest for the weary in the promised land.

Macmillan.

MARY BROTHERTON.

## THE CYCLES OF TIME.

WHEN thus we sit, dear, musing hand in hand  
On vague sweet things one never strives to speak,  
That bright thought of the old impassioned  
Greek —

That we have lived in some forgotten land  
Long centuries ago — some happier star —  
Strikes through me like conviction. Evermore  
Some trick of sweetness never caught before,  
Some winning trifle, is so familiar,  
That reason stands bewildered. Sweet it were  
To solve the problem in this subtil wise —  
To know that Love endures the test of time —  
That Worth still flowers transposed from clime  
to clime;

To feel that always I have found you fair,  
And you still found me pleasing in your eyes.

When that your face is white and sharp and  
cold,

And your red lips as dead red roses be,  
And this bright hair a ruined veil of gold,  
These dear hands have no will at all to hold,  
And these poor loving eyes no light to see,  
And these breast-blossoms perish in the mould, —  
What after-form of being will you wear,  
In what new world of unknown pilgrimage?  
Will you be happier, more ethereal there,  
Untouched of any pain or grief or age?  
Transfigured somewhat to the form you wore  
When God first made you in the days of yore —  
Unclothed of dust, a disembodied soul,  
One weary cycle nearer to the goal?

A strange misgiving fills my heart with dread.  
How many years will you be gone before?  
And shall I follow you when I am dead,  
And love you in that after-life once more?  
Or, lingering here too long in gray despair,  
Pass where you passed, to find I am forgot  
Among new faces of dead men made fair —  
Strange faces that I know not, cherish not?  
Or, doomed to catch at every nobler grade  
Last glimpses of your garments as they fade,  
Learn how that you have passed and are not  
there,

Have orb'd one loftier cycle of your lot?

Ah, when, what new worlds traversed, shall we  
stand,

Transfigured in God's rest and once more hand  
in hand!

Tinsley's Magazine.

## ON AN IMPROMPTU OF CHOPIN'S.

A MOURNFUL sound, a wail of utter woe,  
Of hopeless craving for a long-sought rest;  
Hurrying along, as if it too could know  
The wish for shelter for a heart oppress.

And then a milder strain; the soft sweet notes  
Lingering, trembling, breathing purer air —  
A body of sweet sound that gaily floats  
High o'er the now subdued, now lost de-  
spair —

Again it comes! with milder, greater might,  
With frantic haste, and spirit tempest-tossed, —  
With deeper wail it plunges into night,  
As if it were a soul for ever lost.

Spectator.

M. E. R.

## SONNET. — HUMILITY.

FAIR, soft, Humility, so seldom seen,  
So oft despised upon this little earth,  
Counted by men as dross of nothing worth,  
Though in the sight of Mightiness supreme  
'Tis hailed and welcomed as a glorious birth,  
Offspring of greatness, beauty perfected,  
And yet of such fragility extreme,  
That if we call it ours, 'tis forfeited;  
Named, it escapes us, thus we need beware,  
When with the Publican we plead the prayer,  
"A sinner, Lord, be merciful to me!"  
Our hearts do not any softly, "I thank Thee,  
O Lord, for this sweet grace, Humility,  
Which I possess, unlike the Pharisee."

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
EAST EUROPE.

RAILWAYS are rapidly invading the border provinces of Eastern Europe, carrying by assault the few strongholds of Old-World traditions, customs, and costumes that civilization has hitherto spared, and lessening the happiness of comparatively unsophisticated populations, by increasing what is erroneously called their prosperity — as if augmenting the number of a man's wants, by suddenly and unnaturally adding to his means, were in reality contributing to the increment of his felicity! In a few years even the picturesqueness of the East-European peoples will have disappeared, as have already their frugality, truthfulness, and love of labour. Throughout Hungary, the Banat, Transylvania, and the two Rouman Principalities, the bourgeoisie has exchanged its national costume for the dress which is common to the middle classes of Central and Western Europe. The hideous, oppressive, and prosaic chimney-pot hat has replaced the romantic and comfortable *schirák* and *kuczma*; the shooting-jacket has ousted the *attila* and *halena*; trousers, which rob every leg they clothe of its individuality, conceal the symmetry of many a sturdy limb which the *naschrag*, with the aid of a trim stocking and a few metal buttons, would set off agreeably. With the women it is still worse; especially if we go one step down the social ladder, and consider the peasantry. Bright colours are fading out of their petticoats and bodices; they are coming, in the matter of raiment, to that dismal blue complexion that afflicts the bronze plough-woman, husband-wife, reaperess, and female slave to the soil in general, of Italy, Germany, Austria, and France. The "civilizing" railway brings them this stuff of livid hue (its intrinsic hideousness frequently exaggerated by the superimposition of countless white spots, peculiarly distressing to the eye) in such enormous quantities, and at prices so moderate, that they are virtually compelled to take to it; and the gay scarlets and greens, purples and yellows, are doomed to play a subordinate part (and that only of a Sunday) where formerly they reigned paramount.

One of the immediate and inevitable re-

sults of the penetration by a railway of any country hitherto self-supporting in the way of edible and potable products, and dependent upon post-road, river, and canal locomotive facilities for its clothing, implements, and luxuries of all sorts, is that in the neighbourhood of the new line wages rise, luxuries become comparatively cheap, and necessities positively dear. That his wife can purchase pomatum at sixpence instead of ninepence a pot, does not compensate the labouring man for the injury he sustains by an advance in the prices of bread, meat, and wine, and by the raising of his rent; which changes in the conditions of his existence accompany, if they do not by a little precede, the raising of his own wages if he be merely another man's servant, or the improvement in the marketable value of whatever commodity he produces if he be an exploiter of land, labour, or skill on his own account. And with increased means (for human nature will not have it otherwise) come expenditure disproportionate to the increment suggesting it; ambition to appear something more than he is, or at least than his neighbour is; discontent with his lot; and several other heralds of civilization, gaudily garbed as heralds should be, and blowing their trumpets with such vigour that one cannot choose but hear; but, to a discriminating ear, the blaze of those trumpets is a sound rather of menace than of joyful announcement.

Up to the year 1867 the Principalities, in the very teeth of their manifest destiny, preserved their immunity from the inroads of the steam-horse. As much ingenuity, indeed, was expended to prevent railways from crossing the Rouman frontier as if they had been armies of occupation, or, worse still, Effendim belonging to the Turkish Treasury Department, on special mission to demand payment of tribute to the Padishah — that tribute which his great Danubian vassals are so strangely forgetful to hand over annually, or indeed at any time, to their lord. Circassia had a railway of her own, part of the African Desert was intersected by an iron road, ere Roumania, a country lying right across one of the thoroughfares to the East, could boast of a single mile of rails.

Servia, through which another of those natural highways should penetrate, has not even yet fully complied with the requirements of the age. She is reluctantly building her railways, but not with her own money; and, but that needy men wield the power of the State during Milano's minority, to whom the pickings of concessions have proved temptations irresistible, it may be doubted whether the haughty pig-breeders and distillers who make up the Skupchina, or Legislative Body, would of themselves have consented to forego the isolation of Servia, hitherto virtually absolute, surrounded though she is by countries closely akin to her through the race, speech, and religion of their inhabitants; an isolation brought about by the fierce temper and rigorous frugality of this hardy Slavonic tribe, which, having been for centuries subjected to terrible oppression, has rid itself of, but never forgiven, its oppressors — and has conceived a dislike towards all its neighbours, having been in times past successively the victim of one and another, actively or passively its foes. A country that has served as the battle-ground upon which mighty powers have chosen to fight out their quarrels *à plusieurs reprises* cannot be expected to entertain lively affections for those who have, in dismal alternation, destroyed its crops, devoured its live stock, and burnt its villages! Besides, the Serbs have been hardened by ages of extreme poverty, the result of tributes without number, arbitrarily demanded and collected by means of fire and sword, to a simplicity of habits and paucity of wants that render them scornfully indifferent to the advantages promised them to accrue from the "opening up" of their grim little Fatherland by railway communication. They produce nearly everything that they require within its limits, roughly fabricated enough, coarse in material and wanting in finish; and they have hitherto experienced no ambition to supply themselves with better articles from abroad; whilst luxury is unknown, even in the houses of the wealthiest men. Bribes judiciously administered to those few of their leading functionaries who, having been educated abroad, have contracted tastes and devel-

oped faculties of enjoyment which their slender patrimonies and more slender official salaries by no means permit them to gratify, have vanquished the reluctance which Servia has consistently manifested, ever since her vassaldom became a merely nominal one, to coming into that league of Eastern civilization of which Austria has been the sincere and Russia the pretended propagandist for more than a hundred years past.

Of a totally different nature were the obstacles that for more than a lustrum delayed the admission of Roumania into the Bradshaw Confederation. Somehow or other the great capitalists of Europe, into whose hands, either directly or through the financial companies they have created and still sway, all enterprises of any sensible magnitude are committed, failed to repose that implicit confidence in the integrity of Rouman Governments, whether of the fiery red or true-blue colour, that would have justified them in risking their millions upon the faith of a Moldo-Walachian State guarantee. Whilst John Alexander Couza, the betting Boyard of Galatz, sat upon the Hospodarial *pouf* of the twin Principalities (the union of which into one realm he was mainly instrumental in effecting), the 'Changes of Vienna, Frankfort, and Berlin entertained an unfavourable opinion of the country's solvability, as well as of its honesty; and that there was a solid foundation for what the glib Boyard himself used to deprecate as a cruel and groundless prejudice, may be fairly assumed upon evidence that was produced by the Triumvirate, immediately after Couza's abdication had been wrung from him by a *coup de main*. One out of a dozen startling facts that then came to light will serve to justify in some degree the distrust above alluded to. When, having transferred their ex-Hospodar in the early morn to Kotrocheni, on his way to the frontier, Messrs. Ghika, Catargiu, and Mavrogeni proceeded to take stock of the Public Treasury's contents, they found, in bullion, twelve ducats (about £5 14s.), the only sum immediately available wherewith to carry on the business of administering the nation's affairs. Inquiry into the state of matters at the different State



departments led to the still more astonishing revelation that the army, for the maintenance of which the taxes had not only been repeatedly raised, but had actually been collected, to the painful surprise and discomfiture of the newly emancipated peasantry, had not received any pay for several months, and that the utter impecuniosity of the State had left its defenders in such straits that to the horses of the two cavalry regiments then garrisoning Bucharest no fodder of any kind had been served out for the twenty-four hours preceding Couza's seizure. But for these legitimate causes of discontent, it may be parenthetically observed, the army, to which Couza had been prodigal of favours, would have probably remained faithful to him in spite of all his shortcomings; and as it was, nothing but the almost starving condition of their horses prevented his spoilt children, the Lancers, from starting to rescue him from Colonel Pilat, Major Leko, and their myrmidons, as soon as it came to the knowledge of that crack regiment that its patron and commander had been basely kidnapped in the dead of the night, by men whom he had raised from social obscurity to high military rank. Empty hayracks assuredly averted the jovial and astute Prince's recapture; luckily, perhaps, for him, as his betrayers had bound themselves by an oath to take his life if they should find themselves to be pursued by an armed force superior to their own. The empty Treasury presented a difficulty to be dealt with by the Triumvirate. It was only after it had been temporarily replenished that men set themselves seriously to consider what had become of the money; and the financiers, upon whose entertainment State guarantees for the construction and cost of Roumanian railways had been ardently urged by agent after agent of his Highness's Government, received the congratulations of their friends for their prudence and sagacity.

Since the good-looking youth who carried Bratiano's carpet-bag ashore from the "*accéléré*" steamer at Giurgevo, in the early autumn of 1866, has ruled the roast at Bucuresci, the distrustfulness of contractors and bankers anent the value of Roumanian State responsibility, which

they formerly were averse to discount on the most tempting terms, has become materially allayed. It was felt that not only did Prince Carol not stand alone, but that his backers were of the strongest. Having planted him out on "Vorposten" duty at such a distance from the main body of his comrades, the great political captain of the age, it was assumed (who never does anything by halves), would certainly not fail to support him when it might be needful, and would not, unless compelled thereto by some enormous exigency, abandon him so long as he carried out his instructions and behaved himself decently. The Pickelhaube and Zundnadelgewehr were, rightly or wrongly, deemed to be sustainers *in posse* of Carol I., *quoad* his subjects, should the latter turn out recalcitrant or even troublesome; and it was not unnatural that a well-grounded faith in the irresistibility of these Teutonic institutions should have prompted the Germans to take the initiative in devoting their spare cash to the development of enterprises the genuineness of which appeared to them to be guaranteed by Krupp and Dreyse. Dacian railway shares found a ready, nay, an eager market in the 'Changes of the Fatherland; a financial genius of the first rank amongst Latter-day speculators was the *concessionnaire* of the more important lines. His luck, become a proverb amongst his countrymen, imparted itself for a while to Roumanian railway stock; money flowed into the Principalities; armies of Polish, Slovak, and Wendish labourers were transported, under German leaderships, to the Trans-Carpathian provinces, and in a leash of years the capital of Roumania was linked to its chief provincial cities and commercial *emporia* by iron roads of serviceable if not excellent quality.

Dacia, therefore, is undergoing at last that process of transformation, conventionally called civilization, in which railway communication plays so leading a part. That little obscure corner of Europe, known to a limited class of commercial Englishmen as a practically inexhaustible granary, and to the general public as a sort of No-man's Land, liable to be "occupied" at any moment by Russian, Turkish, or Austrian armies — in which, even now, the

*fanatico pell* "antichità" may contemplate thousands of humble, contented, ignorant, picturesque people, who live, dress, and speak in much the same manner as their ancestors did eighteen hundred years ago — has been annexed by *£ s. d.*, brought to its bearings by a dumpy level, and eunregistered in the columns of a time-table. How long will the descendants of Trajan's legionaries preserve the individuality which an isolation that dates from the commencement of the Christian era has enabled them to maintain intact until now? The lofty stature, dignified carriage, aquiline nose, and sweet, sonorous tongue may endure for a few generations to come, until the incursions of Slavish and Teutonic settlers shall have crossed the breed out of knowledge; but how long will the flowing toga of skins, the farred bonnet, the leather buskin and sandal, girdle and sash, hold their own against cheap Manchester cottons, French and Belgian cloths, and rubbishing German "dry goods"? Galatz, Buzeu, Roman, Ibraila, are railway stations! Who, in English middle-class society, even knew where those places were situate some half-dozen years ago? In the autumn of 1865 it happened to the writer of these lines to be sent on a special mission to the Principalities. On his way to the capital of Roumania, he had been ordered to convey some dispatches of importance to the hands of an exalted personage then in Galatz; and this fact he happened to mention, in course of conversation, to a well-known M.P. whom he met accidentally at dinner on the eve of his departure. "Rather hot, still, for Spain, is it not? However, I congratulate you, for it is a most interesting country," was the legislator's kindly comment upon the communication. Just before the Austro-Prussian war broke out, an English corn merchant, having established a branch house on the Lower Danube, and invested a little more capital than he could conveniently spare from his regular business in a small fleet of iron barges and steamtugs for the conveyance of grain from store depôts at various stations on the river to the loading places near its mouth (a highly remunerative carrying trade), sought to *rentrer dans son argent* by handing his *schlepps*, &c., over to a company in the manner with which the last decade has made every owner of any marketable property so agreeably familiar. He prepared a glowing though truthful prospectus, and took it to an eminent financier, anxious to secure his name for the list of directors and his good word for the enter-

prise, which was all but launched. After reading the prospectus carefully, and listening with polite attention to the further explanations by which Mr. — endeavoured to render the scheme irresistibly attractive, the man of millions observed: "Capital prostupects! Most excellent project, I am sure, Mr. —. All very clear and unmistakable — except one thing — *Where is the Danube?*"

It is given but to few to be accurately informed respecting men, events, and localities; indeed, accuracy is probably the rarest attribute of modern society. We know so much about everything, that we are incapable of correctness with regard to any one particular fact. The British member, renowned for his acquaintance with foreign politics, and regularly put up by his party to speak upon the Eastern Question, who, being abruptly challenged by an old continental loungeur to point out Belgrade on the map, without hesitation boldly thrust his finger into the centre of East Prussia, — the French Secretary of Embassy in Vienna (now a *Chargé d'Affaires* representing the Republic in a southern clime), who, hearing the King of Würtemberg mentioned in a political discussion during the 1866 war, unaffectedly exclaimed, "*Le Roi de Würtemberg! Qu'est ce que c'est que cela?*" — were by no means out-of-the-way examples of the slipshoddiness with which men get up what they suppose to be knowledge upon subjects having direct and essential bearing upon the occupations of their lives. It is not to be expected, of course, that all people of average education and intelligence, putting British legislators and foreign diplomatists out of the question, should know "all about the Danube" and its ripal territories, although it is the largest European river, and although it will be about the title to those countries on its either bank that the next great struggle for supremacy in the old world will probably be fought out. But it is a curious example of carelessness, as manifested by persons whose special business it is to be accurate, and at whose disposal are placed copious and exceptional sources of information, that the leading journals of Europe and the great telegraphic agencies, when they deal with the Danubian Principalities, almost invariably misspell the names of towns and of men, Rouman or Slavonic, which should be "household words" in their respective offices; and, oddly enough, persist in misspelling them in a particular way, with a painstaking in the repetition of error that might just as well be he-

stowed upon the achievement of correctness. For instance, the thriving town of Buzeu, half-way between Bucuresci (commonly misnamed Bucharest) and Braila, at which, in the posting days now relegated to the limbo of tradition, every traveller between the Wallachian capital and the great Roumanian ports was fain to pass the night — a circumstance which, owing to the peculiarly loathsome accommodation provided by the owners of the two highly lepidopterous *krisme* (inns) constituting the entertainment resources of the town, must have ineradicably impressed the name of Buzeu upon the memories of all those who have visited it — is almost without exception spelt "Busen" in the telegraphic columns of English, French, German, and Italian newspapers. No matter that it is now an important station, at which there is a *buffet* and twenty minutes' "interval for refreshment." The other day, when it was the scene of a riot, in which the Jews were hunted down by their debtors, according to the pleasant custom of the country, members mentioning it in the House, philanthropists sending round the hat for subscriptions wherewith to comfort the harried Israelites (there is a good deal to be said, by the way, on the other side of that question), and newspapers printing indignation leaders on the barbarism of these "Oriental Christians," all were unanimous in the use of the "Busen" version.

Roumania, however, now that access to her cities has been rendered easy, and that a practicable short cut to Stamboul has been driven transversely through both her Principalities, must soon emerge from the obscurity in which, with occasional flashes of notoriety, she has been content to grovel for as many centuries as go to make up the annals of Christianity. Well for her had she never emerged from that blissful state of comparative insignificance which leaves long blanks of real prosperity in the history of a nation! But for the covetousness of her neighbours, periodically aroused by the intrinsic value of her products and the almost marvellous fertility of her soil, her archives had resembled the diary of a child — most trustworthy record of happiness by reason of its dearth of incident. But for the mutual jealousies of those powerful and martial neighbours, she had long since been definitely annexed by one or other of them, and forcibly despoiled of the humble and inoffensive but romantic individuality which she has preserved so long, only to resign it with good grace at the behest of "civilization." It may be hoped that at some future time

civilization will reward her sacrifice by condescending to observe the rules of orthography when describing the Locomotive's latest conquest.

A conquest, indeed, of which the Steam Genius and his mighty familiar, Capital, may be justly proud! Roumania is the Canaan of Europe, veritably overflowing with milk and honey, and many other natural products far more valuable and even more nutritious than those *summa bona* of Mosaic "prospecting." Filled with rude implements, the pattern and make of which have suffered scarcely any alteration since Virgil wrote his "Georgics," the soil of its plains will bring forth year after year crops of maize that overtop the pennon of an Uhlan's spear as he sits on his charger with ordered lance. Its vines are laden in the early autumn with large clusters of grapes, five and six pounds being no uncommon weight to be attained by the finer bunches. Its hares and partridges are nearly as large again and of a more delicate flavour than those indigenous to England and France. The average weight of a full-grown young hare in Moldavia is 12 lbs.; and the writer has more than once had the good fortune to include an overgrown adult of over 15 lbs. in his day's bag. To the lovers of large and combative game the Carpathians offer good store of bears (not mild little honey gluttons like the Pyrenean bruin, but good, strong, ferocious fellows, who would a good deal rather rend you than not), wild boars, the largest and fiercest of their kind in Europe, and wild cats with sanguinary proclivities. Wolves abound all over both Principalities, to which several varieties of deer are also native. Bustard by hundreds, quail by thousands, frequent the enormous maize fields; the rivers and lakes swarm with fish (Danube is famous for his sturgeon); there is buffalo in plenty on the river islands; and all sorts of fancy shooting in the way of pelican, condor, white-headed eagle, and water-fowl. Some of the white wines are equal in every respect to the finest growths of Bordeaux and Burgundy; and, but a few years ago, Odobesti and other famous brands, for which, labelled "Chateau Yquem" or "Montrachet," no connoisseur would grudge twenty francs a bottle at Bignon's or Vachette's, could be purchased in any decent country *krisma* on the high road, for about three piastres, or eightpence a bottle. Already its price has more than doubled, and as soon as it becomes known abroad it will compete with and probably fetch more money than the Ba-

kators and Nesmelyers of Magyarland. Civilization will leave the Roumans but little of it for home consumption, and will give them as a substitute bad beer or worse spirits.

Bucuresci is bidding fair to rival Vienna and Berlin in dearness of living; indeed, it would appear that the leading restaurants of the Podo Mogosoi are running Sacher's and Hiller's, or even the Boulevard Cafés Restaurateurs of Paris, hard in the matter of extravagant charges. House-rents have risen in Galatz, Braila, and even Jassy; the fine mansion that Couza the Boyard gambled away at *baccarat*, and in which the business of the Galatz Bourse is daily transacted, has attained a value that must cause his ex-Highness's bosom to heave with many a sigh of fruitless regret as he thinks of the comparatively trifling stake against which he set, and lost it on the strength of a seven and a two. Horses and cattle, though still cheaper than in Western Europe, have undergone an extraordinary advance in value. A pair of strong, sound, and fast ponies could be bought in Wallachia seven years ago for eight ducats (about 3*l.* 16*s.*) Their price now would be from 30*l.* to 40*l.* In the winter of 1866, an exceptionally severe one, during which fodder was scarce and dear, the peasants offered their live stock at fabulously low prices, and many a cow, with her calf by her side, went begging at two yermalicks, or 8*s.* 3*d.* This year ten or twelve times that amount might be bid for a heifer in vain throughout the Danu-

bian Delta. Good tobacco costs a guinea a pound in Bucuresci; even the rachin (raki, a sweet spirit distilled from grain), of which, within the last ten years, a quantity sufficient to intoxicate a rhinoceros could be procured for two-pence, has kept pace with the general rise, and is by way of classing itself among the liqueurs, at least as regards its price.

Roumania was never the abode of the virtues; but her immoralities, until lately, were of the patriarchal sort, naïvely committed and naïvely tolerated. Now they are becoming as vulgar and sordid as the vices of highly-civilized countries. She has got a national debt, as befits a rising and ambitious country; she has got a standing army, for which she has not the least occasion, and which costs her *les yeux de la tête*; she has made strenuous efforts to provide herself with a navy, despite the fact that Nature has omitted to endow her with a single yard of sea-board — indeed, she got once as far as nominating two admirals and fitting out a war-steamer on the Danube, which might have remained a floating menace to Europe up to the present moment but for having been deftly run down on its first cruise by an Austrian passenger-boat; and now she has got hereditary monarchy, the right of coining moneys, and, finally, railways in considerable profusion. Even to parliamentary institutions, she possesses every attribute of "civilization." "And yet," as Mr. Toole would say, "she is not happy!"

WM. BEATTY KINGSTON.

LADIES and others who take an interest in variations of costume will pick up some useful hints by studying the proceedings of the three Emperors at Berlin. Seldom indeed have three sisters in one family displayed such ingenuity in this respect as that exhibited by their Majesties at the great Court dinner served in the White Hall last Saturday evening. The Emperor of Austria, says the telegram, wore a Russian uniform and a Prussian order, the Emperor Alexander a Prussian uniform and an Austrian order, and the Emperor William an Austrian uniform with the Russian order of St. Andrew. No two Emperors, it will be observed, were dressed alike, and all three had dipped into each other's wardrobe. It would require a

fatiguing amount of arithmetical knowledge to calculate the various changes their Majesties will be able to ring on the common wardrobes they have thus pleasantly established, but we may take it for granted that this interchange of clothing augurs well for the peace of Europe; at all events it is quite impossible that war could be declared until each Emperor had retired to his own dressing-room and put on his proper habiliments. A sudden appeal to arms when the Emperors were dressed in the wrong uniforms would lead to such serious complications that even Prince Bismarck himself would shrink from creating the conflagration.

Full Mall Gazette.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE BURGOMASTER'S FAMILY; OR, WEAL  
AND WOE IN A LITTLE WORLD.

BY CHRISTINE MULLER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH BY SIR JOHN  
SHAW LEFEVRE.

BUT, whatever might be the case in Dilburg generally, I can assure you that the family of which the deceased had been the nominal head had not yet forgotten his death. In the first place, it was not a matter of indifference to his wife, nor is it the same thing in a little town like Dilburg to be the wife or to be the widow only of the Burgomaster.

Three months of forced retirement, three months of strict mourning, when not the smallest scrap of white was permitted, this, as regards Mina de Graaff, also, was by no means a matter of indifference.

Mina de Graaff? Yes, dear reader. It grieves me to be obliged to tell you that no change has taken place in her maiden state, and in the meantime she has really overstepped the dreaded number of three crosses.

"And Captain Uno?"

Captain Uno is with his regiment in garrison at the Hague, whither he was transferred shortly after our last meeting. There was at that time in circulation a saying of his, which William de Graaf took the first opportunity of conveying to his sister, and from that moment Captain Uno's name was for ever banished from her lips.

A farewell ball was given in Dilburg to the different officers of the departing regiment; naturally wine was drunk, and naturally people were merry. I know not who brought Mina's name on the *tapis*, or who taunted Captain Uno respecting her, but it must have been on that occasion that he uttered the philosophic proverb, "that the horse must come to the oats, and not the oats to the horse."

But there is no wind which blows nobody good, and so the blue hussars, with Captain Uno and Mina's disappointment, marched out of Dilburg by one gate, to make room for the red hussars, who rode in by the other gate, bringing with them a young lieutenant, who scarcely six months later appeared in Dilburg society as the betrothed of Elizabeth.

Elizabeth was just of an age to be very romantic, and her young head had suffered amazingly by having devoured a great quantity of green and ripe romances; in imagination she had already indulged for a long time in dismal love stories, in which

she was herself the heroine and the hero the as yet unknown X.

As, however, her imaginary hero had always an interesting, bronzed face, most probably a black brigand beard, and under no possible circumstances was without dark, flashing eyes, Elizabeth had originally bestowed but little attention on the fair lieutenant with blushing cheeks and soft blue eyes, who otherwise, as one of the best dancers at the Casino, stood high in her favour.

The Casino, however, and the very marked manner in which he sought opportunities to meet her, had at last fixed Elizabeth's attention on him. It is true his blushing cheeks were remote from her ideal, and that his name of Peter Smit was far from poetical, but when on nearer acquaintance her heart became involved, these trifles were overlooked, and our Elizabeth prepared herself in due form for the hapless love which had at last come.

It was exactly two days after she had arrived at the conviction that (according to the rules of romance) Lieutenant Smit was born in order to make her unhappy, when he declared himself, and so spoilt the fun.

"The course of true love never did run smooth" was now her only comfort, and the affair regarded from this point of view became still more interesting.

Two lovers parted by the will or caprice of the parents or guardians, vows of eternal fidelity, secret interchange of letters, tears, despair, pining — perhaps even a run-away match — all whirled through Elizabeth's head, but it seemed as if all her romantic dreams were doomed to miscarry. Papa and Mamma Welters had even less to bring against Lieutenant Smit than Papa and Mamma Smit against Elizabeth. On the contrary, the wealthy parents of the amiable Lieutenant promised a liberal contribution towards the expenses of setting up housekeeping, for which they were only waiting till his promotion to the rank of first lieutenant.

Thus nothing stood in the way of their love, and a happier, more contented pair of human beings, without one really serious thought in their two heads combined, never walked the earth, nor, with their good, honest hearts and equally serene tempers, gave promise of future domestic happiness.

I have said that Burgomaster Welters was not yet forgotten by his own family, and yet if one entered the sitting room unexpectedly there would be nothing to remind one of the change except the



mourning dresses. It is the same sociable-looking room, with its glass doors opening out into the garden. Mrs. Welters sits just as formerly on the sofa, with a little table between her and Mina, who wears a short jacket trimmed with shining jet beads, and from the summer-house in the shrubbery close by Elizabeth's merry laugh may be heard almost incessantly, with an occasional accompaniment in a man's voice.

William de Graaff sits in silence in an arm-chair, with an open book on his knees. He is paler and thinner than formerly, and, observing him closely, one can see in the constant change of his position something restless about him, very different from his former calmness. More than once his wandering eyes rest on a distant chair where an old acquaintance of ours is sitting, who, compared with others of the family, is much, very much, changed.

Do you remember Emmy Welters as she first appeared in my story?

Do you remember her clear, merry eyes, her loving smile, which continually brought the dimples into her round cheeks?

Nearly three years have passed since that time, and they have not passed without leaving their traces on Emmy's countenance.

A lovely face certainly it remains, and reflecting a certain goodness of heart which would render attractive an exterior less gifted by nature; but all the youthful joyousness and light-heartedness have vanished; the blue eyes have still the same honourable, upright expression as formerly, but have lost their brightness and their merry glance, and on her mouth is settled an earnest, mournful expression, which seems to have sealed up, as it were, the smile which once played around it. I have said that it was the past years which had left behind their traces on Emmy, and we have allowed her affairs to remain so long unnoticed that it may not be asking too much of you to give your attention to her for a few moments.

We have seen with what good resolutions Emmy went forth to meet the future which she had chosen for herself; how she determined to do her best to bear her separation from Bruno courageously, in the hope of the happy future which awaited her by his side. The strong and holy love which she felt for him had nothing of sickly sentiment in it. In her, love was a new force, an unknown courage, a cheerful hope which developed a fund of elasticity in her. Her life had become a double life — the outer life of the present, with the duties imposed upon her; the inner life of

the future, which made all present sorrows appear so small and trivial that they glided off her without troubling her.

And her annoyances were many.

Although not a word had ever been exchanged on the subject, Emmy was shown gradually, but all too clearly, that Mrs. Welters had never forgiven her for her disobedience with regard to her visit to the Eversbergs.

From that moment she had never spoken a friendly word to Emmy, and every advance on Emmy's part was met with icy indifference. Not that she was ever absolutely disagreeable to her, or that she opposed her; but it was as if Mrs. Welters had determined not to trouble herself any more about her, and to avoid any interference in her affairs. She required nothing from Emmy; never allowed her to be of the slightest use, and declined all help from her in household matters, in which neither Mina nor Elizabeth were spared. And whenever Emmy asked for her advice in anything, her invariable answer, with an expression of indifference, was, "I don't know, but you can do as you please; that will be the best."

At first Emmy had considered this as a just punishment for her disobedience, and had borne it patiently, trusting that the anger of her stepmother would wear out in time. But it did not; on the contrary, it seemed gradually to develop itself into an insurmountable aversion, which, at any rate, was not diminished by later events.

When Emmy at last came to the conviction that the love of her stepmother must be always unattainable — when she understood the cold disposition which, accustomed to make everything bend and bow to it, could neither forget nor forgive where once it had been defied — she became calm and was consoled on this subject; she wasted no love where that feeling was evidently despised, and learnt to accommodate herself to the peculiar position which she held in her father's house.

More and more she withdrew herself from the family circle, and, in the absence of any duty or business resting on her, she began again, in the solitude of her own room, to take up the studies which she had broken off since her school days, and to seek occupation in them.

In these, as in all things, Bruno was her principal thought. He should find her, when they met again, advanced in knowledge and mental culture; and the years which would cost him so much toil and struggle should not be passed by her simply in pleasure or in useless trifles.



Not that she definitely withdrew herself from the amusements which Dilburg afforded, so as to attract attention; but it soon became a well-known fact in the family that Emmy did not much care about going out, and that it need not be regarded as a sacrifice if she allowed Mina or Elizabeth to go instead of her whenever, as frequently happened, only two of the young ladies were invited.

I have no doubt that in Dilburg, and also in the family, there were persons who connected the cause of this with Bruno Eversberg, either in the affection which, owing to the sad events, she was obliged to suppress, or in a secret love affair between them, the possibility of which crossed their minds.

But any such suspicions were dispelled by the cheerful contentedness which was the characteristic of her disposition; and in the evenings, under the influence of the sociability which ruled in the family, and of which I have spoken before, she was even considered to be quite merry. And merry, people imagined, no one could be who was enduring a secret pang, or whose thoughts were fixed on a far distant land, beyond the insurmountable barrier of the great ocean.

For, as is mostly the case, Emmy was judged by appearances, and she was measured by the usual standard supposed to apply to all indiscriminately.

Laughter or weeping is, according to this measure, the sign of the inward feeling, and but few understand anything of the pride of the secret suffering that conceals itself from the curious, indifferent eye, and only leaves its hiding-place when it meets with a warm, sympathizing heart.

Knowing nothing of the inward peace which has its source in a childlike trust in God and His wisdom, and by means of which the saddest heart can find a smile, they would have expected to see Emmy quiet and reserved and indifferent to everything not concerning her own interests; and in such selfishness they would have fancied they had detected signs of love. But the warm, strong, hopeful feelings which dwelt in her heart and made her thankful and contented for the present, and surrounded the future with a rose-coloured halo, the brightness of which reflected itself on her face—such a love but few people understand; among Emmy's acquaintance none understood it.

But now I am going to speak principally of the first half-year after Bruno's departure, when Emmy, according to agreement, had received a letter from him filling her

heart with joyful hope, and when an active correspondence with Mrs. Eversberg kept her informed of all that related to him.

She knew that he had been received with extreme cordiality at New York by Mr. Siddons, who had invited him to his house as a guest, and who was already in treaty to provide him with employment in an agricultural undertaking in Michigan, of which Mr. Siddons's nephew was the head.

Bruno had written all this to her a few months after his arrival at New York, and the letter, enclosed in one to his mother, had reached Emmy without any impediment and without the knowledge of any one in the house; and through the same channel she had written to him in reply much more fully and freely than he had ventured to write to her. This answer could hardly have reached New York when the sudden death of Mrs. Eversberg plunged Emmy into the deepest sorrow; for not only had she dearly loved her, but on Bruno's account she doubly mourned for her. His strong attachment to his mother, and his ardent wish to compensate her by a happier life in the future for the painful experiences of the past, were well known to Emmy. By her death, moreover, Emmy lost the source of tidings of Bruno, which had so often contributed to keep alive her courage and her hope; and this was the beginning of sorrowful days for her. In the fulness of her heart she wrote to Bruno a long letter of consolation and support. She knew indeed that her letters must go through the hands of William de Graaff, as postmaster; but if the worst came to the worst, she was ready to endure a scolding from her stepmother, if she could but send Bruno a word of sympathy.

No one had ever prohibited her from writing to him, but for all that it was not without alarm that she looked forward to his reply which would probably be followed by such a prohibition, and would perhaps become a new source of unpleasantness between herself and her stepmother. Emmy's fears, however, were not realized. Bruno's answer did not arrive, and even the yearly letter agreed upon between them was wanting. Two years passed by and neither word nor sign was received in Dilburg from Bruno Eversberg.

And these two years were indeed grievous years for Emmy; nevertheless her confidence in Bruno was so firmly fixed in her heart that no suspicion of inconstancy on his part occurred to her; but when the

second year had gone by without any news of him, the conviction began to grow upon her that he must be ill or dead, and that probably she would never hear anything more of him.

She suffered inexpressibly from these thoughts, and perhaps doubly so because she had no one to whom she could confide her suffering, and because she must feign composure whilst the bitterest sorrow was filling her heart.

For as long as she could Emmy had hoped for the best; then fear and hope had alternately struggled within her; insensibly hope lost ground more and more, and at last the conviction of the worst had become fixed in her mind. And it was just this slow process of conviction that caused the effect which it had upon her to be less apparent to those around her. Gradually she had become quieter and paler, but too gradually for anyone who saw her daily to notice it, and it was only on recalling her to one's mind as she had been on her first return to Dilburg that one could see the change which had taken place in her. The shade of melancholy which had now come over her had indeed changed, but not lessened her beauty; and it will not be wondered at that all this time she should not have passed unobserved by the gentlemen of Dilburg, more especially as it was pretty generally known that she had inherited a nice little fortune from the aunt by whom she had been brought up.

But the evident indifference with which she received their attentions had discouraged most of her admirers, until it happened that one bolder than the rest came to involve her in new annoyances.

As ill-luck would have it, the person in question was a young doctor who had shortly before established himself in Dilburg, and who often came to Welters' thereby giving new life to Mina's hopes of marriage, till one fine day he astonished the unsuspecting Emmy by a written proposal to her, sent through her father. This time Mina de Graaff did not conceal her rage and disappointment, and from the first bestowed on Emmy the coarsest and most unmerited reproaches, accusing her of having, under the appearance of indifference, attracted the doctor to herself by artful coquetry.

It was a scene which wounded Emmy's delicacy most sensibly; but her disgust at Mina's vulgarity fortunately restrained her from answering her as she deserved, and she contented herself with a contemptuous silence.

But the matter did not end here.

Although Mrs. Welters, as well as Mina, had thought that the attentions of Dr. Berthold had been intended for her daughter, and although in a certain sense she shared in her daughter's disappointment, she found, as matters now stood, too favourable an opportunity of getting quit of Emmy to acquiesce willingly in this her refusal, and not to use every endeavour to bring about the marriage.

At first she adopted a motherly tone towards her; then she took her aside to place before her eyes all the advantages of this marriage; and one can imagine how her dislike towards Emmy increased when all this was without any result, and Emmy obstinately persevered in her refusal, on the ground that her regard for Dr. Berthold was certainly not of such a kind as to cause her to wish to become his wife.

Mrs. Welters, however, would have belied her character had she hereupon abandoned the matter, and Emmy saw through her plan entirely when she was called into her father's room in order to hear the marriage advocated by him also.

This time, however, Emmy was too sharp for her stepmother; for after Burgomaster Welters had delivered with the necessary gravity the lecture dictated by his wife, and Emmy had waited patiently till he had said all that he had been charged to say, she threw her arm round his neck, and exclaimed laughingly, while a tear glistened in her eye, "Now tell me plainly and once for all, dear papa, that you would gladly be quit of your Emmy."

But that was too much for the kind heart of Burgomaster Welters.

"Heaven forbid, my child!" said he, touched and alarmed.

"Well, if it is not so, papa—if you wish to keep me a little longer—and I wish to stay a little longer with you—then Dr. Berthold may just as well seek for a wife elsewhere."

This was too good logic to be refuted, and the conversation from which Mrs. Welters had promised herself so much ended in a confidential chat between father and daughter, for which the opportunity seldom occurred, and they talked chiefly of past times, in which the stepmother had no share.

In about half an hour Emmy was about to leave the room with a light heart, when, with her hand already on the handle of the door, she was called back by her father. When she returned to his chair the friendly expression of his face had given place

to one of timidity and confusion; his small eyes seemed more and more concealed by his fat cheeks, and the fat cheeks themselves had assumed a higher colour than usual, as, rubbing nervously his little fat hands, he said somewhat hesitatingly to Emmy—

“Look here, Emmy, if mamma should ask—that is if she asks me, you know—I shall merely say that we talked over the matter for a long time, and it must be stated that I also do not approve of your decision. Do you understand?”

Yes, Emmy understood it all only too well, and when she got upstairs into her own room she shed many tears.

It was as if, by her father's words, she at once comprehended that even in him she neither had nor would have any support in the difficulties of her life, which seemed to increase every day. But this at least Emmy learnt from the unpleasant circumstances, that in future she must be more careful in her intercourse with young men, who naturally could not know that she had no heart to give, and that any preference they might have for her was quite thrown away. She thought over all the gentlemen who came to the house, but in the behaviour of none of them could she find anything suspicious, at least for the moment, without the greatest conceit on her part.

Once, however, put on her guard, very few days passed away before she became aware that the behaviour of William de Graaff towards herself had become strange and inexplicable. Her first sensation on making this discovery was a sort of shivering.

The aversion which she had felt for him from the very first she had not yet wholly overcome, but for a long time he had taken, or at least had seemed to take, so little notice of her, and she had herself so much to think about, that she had paid little attention to him, and her thoughts had never dwelt upon him in the least.

Always quiet and reserved, he had been quieter than ever the last year or two, and only now, after the proposal of Dr. Berthold, which was naturally known in the family, an excitement and restlessness had come over him, which had made Emmy observant of him. She also thought she had observed that his eyes would rest long and searchingly on her; sometimes she felt these eyes as she sat bent over her work, and now and then when she looked up she encountered that strange green light, which gave a curious expression to the pale grey eyes, and left Emmy in the un-

certainty whether it was love or hatred which they expressed; but in either case they made her shudder, without her being able to account for the feeling.

For as long as possible she hoped that she had been mistaken, and that she should be spared from a new trouble in connection with her family; but the hope did not last long, for she could not fail to perceive that William evidently sought for an opportunity to speak to her alone.

For whole weeks she studiously avoided him, but at last her good common sense so far got the better of her fears that she began to see how much better it would be to give him the opportunity of saying what he wished to say, rather than to embitter him by an avoidance which, in the long run, she would not be able to keep up. And yet she was alarmed when, one day, as she was sitting as usual at work in the drawing room, no one else being present, she saw William come in at an hour which to him was very unusual.

With an almost involuntary movement, perhaps from the force of habit during the last few weeks, she got up from her chair as if to leave the room; yet, instantly recollecting herself, she resumed her place as calmly as possible, although with the appearance of calmness she could not help her heightened colour or her heart beating almost audibly from her undefined fears.

She bent lower over her work to conceal her emotion, and when she looked up again, William was standing straight before her, with his arms folded, gazing at her with the same strange expression which had so often disturbed her.

“Pray go out of the room, Emmy,” he said calmly, “if I am so hateful to you that you cannot be alone with me; do not stay out of politeness. I am not used to anything better from you.”

These words wounded Emmy's kind heart. Quick as lightning the thought shot through her head, “If my fears have no ground, if I have avoided him without reason all these weeks, and have offended him?” Strengthened by this thought, she looked up at him with an open, honest expression, simply saying, “No, William, it is not because you are hateful to me that I have avoided you; I am sorry you think that.”

“Why, then?”

A deep blush spread over Emmy's face at the question to which her words had unintentionally led, and which she found difficult to answer.

“Why, then, have you avoided me?”

repeated William, in a passionate, angry voice, when she hesitated to reply.

Now it was lucky for Emmy that, although in trifles she was easily driven out of the field, she was courageous and inflexible in matters of importance, and now that while William addressed her in so angry and ill-mannered a way, she recovered her calmness in proportion as he became more violent.

Since she had been so imprudent as to give occasion to this question she would answer it straightforwardly.

"If I have avoided you, William, I have done so with a good object, because I feared that things would be spoken between us which might lessen our good understanding as brother and sister."

"So you have done me the honour of ranking me amongst your unfortunate admirers," he said, laughing scornfully, and with the words again driving the blood into Emmy's cheeks.

Here, however, her patience came to an end, and without vouchsafing him any further answer she laid down her work and got up to leave the room.

But before she had gone two steps she was brought back to her seat by William, with a rough grasp which almost gave her pain, whilst he exclaimed, "No, by Heaven, Emmy, you shall not leave me thus! I will now know how I stand with you; I will know whether henceforth I am to be your friend or foe."

Emmy had sunk back in the chair in which he had compelled her to sit down. Looking him bravely in the face, whilst a contemptuous smile played on her lips, she said calmly and coldly, "May I know what are the conditions of your friendship?"

His anger now seemed to give way. The expression of his countenance changed to deep melancholy, and his voice, hitherto loud and hoarse, took a softer tone.

"Forgive me, Emmy; I am a fool to speak to you thus, but you know how bitterly you have grieved me, and how much I have suffered latterly."

When at these words the expression of Emmy's face became softer, and she did not interrupt him or make any attempt to get up from her chair, he went on, "Look, Emmy: as long as I can recollect I have been shunned and repelled by everyone; from my earliest youth I was an ugly child, caressed by no one except its mother—made much of by no one. The experience makes me hard and bitter. I know very well that I am not an agreeable man, and thus far, too, not a good

man either. There exists in my heart a grudge and bitterness against the world, which began with injustice towards me when I did not deserve to be repelled. I know that I have no friends—that no one cares for me—but this was a matter of indifference to me, till I learned to know you. Then, Emmy, I felt for the first time that nature had used me ill, that even the gift of making myself agreeable was denied to me. I observed how I made an unfavourable impression on you at our very first meeting, and all the time since you have been here I have been endeavouring to efface it. . . . All this time I have suffered so much that I have almost hated you. Your heart, Emmy, is too gentle and too good to understand this feeling; but in my nature there is no middle course. I must love or hate with all the strength and passion which exists in me.

"This conversation will be decisive as regards my whole future life. You have an influence over me such as no one has ever possessed before. If you could love me, from that hour I should be a totally different and certainly better man. You can speak the charmed word which will release my soul from the bad passions which possess it. My heart longs for a heart which can love and understand it, for one being in this wide world who does not thrust me away as everyone else has done."

Emmy had listened patiently, without any effort to stop him, to what William said.

The increasing passionateness of his words had produced a peculiar intimidating effect upon her, that paralyzed her tongue, and even suppressed the natural compassion which his words might have awakened.

It was so strange to hear such passionate language from him who had always been apparently so calm, so quiet and reserved; it was so unnatural to sound, as it were, the very depths of the heart of one whose exterior never betrayed the slightest emotion.

When he was silent Emmy understood that he now expected an answer from her, and she forced herself, with some difficulty, to say hesitatingly, "I fear, William, that you expect from me what I cannot fulfil; if I could but tell you how sorry I am that you have hoped for it! Believe me, that if I have prepared a disappointment for you, it has been involuntarily and unwittingly; but—"

"Some one else possesses my heart"—say it more plainly, and without going

round-about," broke in William, in an angry tone.

"That is a matter which does not concern you, William," said Emmy coolly; "that is not a point on which I am accountable to you, or respecting which you have any right to enquire. Let it be enough for you that I cannot be to you what you wish."

"Then it is always that accursed beggar Eversberg who stands in my way!" exclaimed William, bursting out into a strong emotion, whilst his fist came down upon the table with a hard blow.

But Emmy's calmness and gentleness were now exhausted at this abuse of Bruno; she started up from her chair, and with flashing eyes she cried out:

"You may call Bruno a beggar; but no one can know him to be otherwise than good and noble, and that is more than can be said of you, William!"

"No, Emmy; I am not good, and sooner or later you will find that I am not noble. You have disdained my love; well, then, from this time forth look upon me as your enemy; as long as I live I will remember this hour, and I swear that some time or other I will have my revenge on you. Years may pass before I can obtain my revenge; but if you think I shall give it up, you will be mistaken. When the day comes for you to be so wretched and unfortunate that no one in the world is able to help you, then think of this hour."

"You are a bad man, William, and I believe you are capable of anything, but I do not fear you. If man cannot protect me from you, God will. The hate which dwells in a heart like yours is more welcome to me than your love. I defy your vengeance, and I laugh at your hate."

"Very well, Emmy; but do not forget that he who has the last laugh has the best laugh," said William, with a false expression on his lips, as he left the room; and Emmy remained behind in deep emotion.

She could not disguise from herself that she had done wrong in being so much carried away by her anger, and thereby embittering William, whilst kind words might have had an opposite effect upon him.

She determined, however, to speak once more to him on this subject, and as far as possible to disarm him by conciliatory expressions; but, to her great disappointment, the opportunity never presented itself; as she had before avoided him, he now avoided her.

As far as regarded his attitude and behaviour, Emmy might have imagined to herself that the whole scene between them

had been a dream, and it did seem to her exactly like a dream when she saw him in the evenings sitting in silence among them all with a book before him, just as he used to do in former years.

Frequently Emmy thought that it was simply folly to attach so much importance to William's words, evidently spoken in anger; but now and then, when she looked up unexpectedly and met his gaze, she could not but observe with a cold shiver the strange green light which flashed from his eyes, and gave to them an expression of glowing hatred.

But Emmy had not much opportunity of thinking this over, for shortly after the above dialogue with William, Burgomaster Welters became ill, and died a few days afterwards, as I have already stated.

This also was a great blow to Emmy. Although from her long absence from her home, and the insignificant part which Burgomaster Welters filled in his own house, he might not indeed have occupied a very prominent place in his daughter's thoughts, yet she had never experienced anything but kindness from him, and she deeply felt his death as a severance of the only tie which bound her to the family in which, after his death, she had hardly any more right than a stranger.

Matters stood thus with regard to Emmy Welters when, three months after her father's death, I again conduct you into the family circle, and I think you will agree with me that her position could not be called an enviable one in any respect, and that it is no wonder that the cheerfulness and lightheartedness which characterized her on our first acquaintance have vanished. And now, after this necessary retrospect into past years, I will resume the broken thread of my narrative.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

##### COUSIN SIWORD.

"AND what says Siword Hiddema, mamma?" asked Mina, letting her work drop to enquire about the letter which Mrs. Welters had just received and opened. Mrs. Welters did not answer immediately; she read the letter through, evidently with increasing interest, till she exclaimed at last, "Well, this is news! Only think, Mina, Siword Hiddema is in treaty for the purchase of Sollingen; he is coming to stay here, in order to be near the estate, and he brings Seyna with him."

"Well, as far as I am concerned he might have left us in peace," said Mina, in her usual complaining tone. "It is a great



trouble to have such a little child in the house."

"But Seyna can't be so very little now, Mina. Let us see; it must be full seven years since Siword was here. I know we were just keeping your twenty-fourth birthday; don't you remember?"

"No, I can't say I do, and I don't know what this has to do with Seyna's age."

"Yes, seven years ago," resumed Mrs. Welters, who had continued to reckon it up in her thoughts without heeding Mina's answer. "Now he was married a few months after he left us, and hardly a year afterwards his daughter was born. She was three years old when her mother died, and next autumn that will be three years ago. How times goes!"

"Whom have we to thank for that philosophical remark, mamma dear?" asked Elizabeth, who at that moment appeared at the door on the arm of her young fair-haired lieutenant.

"What were you saying, Mina? Is Siword Hiddema coming to stay here with little Seyna? Well, that is nice. Emmy, do you know Cousin Siword?"

During the whole conversation Emmy had been trying to recall some association in her mind with regard to Siword Hiddema, but at these words of Elizabeth a light dawned upon her. "Oh, I know now, Elizabeth," she said with a smile; "Cousin Siword must be the person of whom one of your letters which I got at Amsterdam was so full."

"And no wonder," said Elizabeth, laughing; "for in those days Siword and pretty Lotty were my ideals of earthly perfection, and my letters might well be overflowing with them. You need not look so jealous, Fik" (Fik was a corruption of Lieutenant Smit's Christian name, Peter, of the derivation of which Elizabeth alone had the secret); "pretty Lotty is the great doll, still upstairs, which Cousin Siword brought me, and which was a great bond of friendship between us. Where does he write from, mamma? I thought he was in Germany."

"No; this letter is from Leewarden; he seems to have passed a few months there with the parents of his late wife. I think his daughter has been there all the time whilst he was in Germany; but, as he tells us, he wishes to settle for good in his own country. He recollects Sollingen from the drive we took on Mina's birthday, and now that he has seen the sale announced, he has written direct to the notary; but naturally he wishes to take a look at the place before he makes a bid for it."

A few minutes afterwards Mrs. Welters left the room. An unusual activity prevailed in the house all day; the spare room was put in order for the expected guest, and a crib placed in an adjoining dressing-room for the little girl.

Three months of mourning, with the consequent quiet and retirement, had had a depressing effect on most members of the Welters family, and the prospect of receiving guests cheered them up.

Mrs. Welters went about the house with her wonted activity; Mina looked more contented, and gave more friendly answers than was her habit; Elizabeth was incessant in her stories about Cousin Siword, and in her conjectures with reference to his daughter; whilst all this hurry and excitement at last awakened a natural curiosity in Emmy as to the expected guest.

Before Siword Hiddema enters upon my tale, I think I may be excused a slight digression in order to lay before you who and what is this new acquaintance.

That Siword Hiddema was a Frieslander is an obvious fact, which his name has already sufficiently announced, but except his birth he had small right to that nationality, for he was taken away from Friesland before he was short-coated, and never set foot on Friesland soil again until he was quite grown up.

He was the son of a sister of Mr. de Graaff, Mrs. Welters' first husband. This sister had married a Mr. Hiddema, who died before their child was born; and she also dying three months after its birth, the child was left an orphan.

Thus Siword Hiddema had never known his parents; and as Mr. de Graaff was at that time unmarried, and the child had no relations on his mother's side, it was necessary to place him with strangers, and to purchase with money the maternal care which he needed.

The little Siword had not fared amiss. The clergyman's widow who took him was a good-hearted woman, and let him want for nothing; but she too died when he was hardly three years old, and a new home had to be found for the poor little orphan — poor because he was without that which makes every child rich — parents and a parental home; but in other respects, as the sole heir to a considerable fortune and to a family name highly respected in Friesland, he was rich enough in all that the world covets and values.

When he was five years old, his uncle discovered that he had fallen into bad hands, and, fearing to try any new experiment, he placed the little boy at a well-



known boarding school, where he remained until he was entered as a student at the Leyden University.

From the time he was ten years old, when his uncle married, he passed every vacation with his uncle's family, where he was regarded almost as a son of the house.

He stayed many years at the University. Although studying for a degree in letters, he also attended many lectures which did not belong to this course, and thus gained much general knowledge which with him was not merely superficial. Gifted with good abilities and a clear head, study was to him an agreeable occupation, almost a necessity; but, far from becoming a book-worm or neglecting his advantages of youth and fortune, he had, without indulging in extravagance, understood as well how to enjoy his life at the University as to turn it to good account. He did not leave the University till he was seven-and-twenty; some years were then spent in travelling, and he had already reached the age of four-and-thirty when, during a visit to Leewarden in Friesland, he made the acquaintance of a young lady, who a few months later became his wife.

Owing to her delicate health, which after the birth of a daughter degenerated into that of a confirmed invalid, this marriage did not altogether fulfil Siword Hiddema's expectations. Travelling from one watering place to another, he at last brought his wife home to her family, only to die. A year later, he left his daughter, a child of four years old, under their care, and sought in renewed study to get over the loss of his wife, whom he had loved and mourned for with all his heart.

Agriculture was now his chief study, and the intended purchase of the lordship of Sollingen, with the large farms belonging to it, was, no doubt, in connection with the two years' course of lectures which he attended at the Polytechnic School of Hanover.

Seven years passed, as Mrs. Welters informed us, since that last visit to Dilburg, when he had found the widow of his Uncle de Graaff married to Burgomaster Welters, in whose house he met with the same hearty reception which he had formerly received in the De Graaff family.

But at that time Emmy was still in Amsterdam with her aunt, and consequently Siword Hiddema had thus far been unknown to her, and he himself had seldom heard her name mentioned.

On the day fixed the expected guests arrived at Dilburg.

When Emmy saw him for the first time,  
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as he entered the room leading his little girl by the hand, an involuntary smile came to her lips.

How is it that we sometimes form such distorted ideas of men and things without any reasonable grounds?

How was it that Emmy had represented to herself that the much discussed Cousin Hiddema was an old man?

It must have been from the narratives of Elizabeth, who spoke of Cousin Siword as of a grandfather, and in her eyes, I believe, he did possess that venerable distinction.

This much is certain, that the broad-shouldered man of forty who now stood before Emmy belied in every respect her previous conception of him. His figure was tall and stately; he had dark, curly hair, regular features, and brown eyes, which had a half-serious, half-sad expression, and this, as well as the deep lines on his forehead, bore witness to the grief he had suffered. His firm, determined mouth was shaded by a dark moustache, and seldom relaxed into a smile; but when it did the whole countenance changed; the handsome white teeth showed themselves with a merry expression, which was probably the prevailing look of his face before the seriousness of life had set a stamp on it.

Such was Siword Hiddema, but as we are still speaking of his exterior, I must not forget its chief characteristic; namely, that it was *distingué*. He had that about him which made one recognize him as a gentleman in any dress or in any disguise. It was not with him as with many men—a kind of varnish which is put on with their kid gloves as they cross the threshold of their houses, and on their return home is put by again for the next occasion.

No; with Siword Hiddema there was no counterfeit, but genuine coin; no part learnt by heart, but an inborn nature, which was not of a kind to disguise itself, but kept true to him at his domestic hearth and towards the greatest as well as to the most insignificant of his fellow-creatures.

Holding her father's hand tightly with her tiny, soft fingers, as if the grasp gave her a moral support against all the strange faces, little Seyna stood by him, her long eyelashes drooping over her blue eyes, which were fixed on the ground, and only looked up shyly when her father told her that she must give her hand to Aunt Welters, Cousin Mina, and Cousin William, one after another, and wish them good day.

Although the lips of her finely-cut mouth

might be more disposed to cry than to laugh, her fat, round cheeks, in which her little turn-up nose was sunk, might be crimson with confusion and her pretty voice scarcely audible, yet one could see at once that the child was accustomed to obey the gentle but decided words of her father.

When she came up to Emmy with her greeting, he said, with a smile, half to Emmy and half to the child —

"And what are we to call this young lady, Seyna?"

The child looked up gravely at Emmy, as if expecting her to decide the question, while Emmy said laughingly —

"I think Cousin Emmy: what do you think?"

"Of course, Cousin Siword," exclaimed Elizabeth; "how could you call my sister anything else?"

"With all my heart," he answered, offering his hand to Emmy; "and if I did not do so at once, it was because I was not at all prepared to find another cousin here. However, I recollect very well having heard of you when I was here before."

"Do you know, Siword, that that was seven years ago?" interposed Mrs. Welters, and with this a conversation ensued, which ran over earlier and later times, and afforded inexhaustible matter for all present, with the exception of Emmy, who naturally could not speak of former times in connection with her guest.

Whilst she was sitting by in silence, she made use of the opportunity to attract little Seyna to her.

For the first half-hour the child had not stirred from her father's chair, but stood leaning against his knee, whilst from this place of refuge she took an observation with her large eyes of those present. Her looks were fixed longest in the direction of Emmy, but I must add that close to Emmy, who was sitting at a little work-table with her bead-work, for which there was no room at the large table, was to be found an old acquaintance of Siword Hiddema — pretty Lotty. This old acquaintance, much disfigured by the tooth of time, was duly recognized by Siword, and immediately became the subject of much merriment between him and Elizabeth, and, notwithstanding the evident decay into which Lotty's once beautiful dress and fair cheeks had fallen, even in spite of a nose gnawed by rats, it seemed still to possess sufficient charms to attract the gaze of the little girl.

When, during a pause in the conversa-

tion, Emmy had asked: "Won't Seyna come and look at the pretty doll?" the child hesitated some time between the temptation to go and her shyness; but at last she came nearer, step by step, and before an hour had passed was sitting very contentedly between Emmy and Lotty, making a bead-ring for papa, and while thus occupied asking Emmy all sorts of confidential questions.

When the ring was finished and fastened up by Emmy, it was taken by Seyna to her father, who to her great delight actually put it on his finger, and then he all at once held out his watch and said, "Dear child, it is quite time; ask Aunt Welters if the maid may put you to bed, and then you will go to sleep, won't you? Papa will come up-stairs presently."

The cheerful expression of her countenance vanished instantly at these words; her lips began to pout; but one look from her father was enough to check the rising tears. Obediently she went round, directly her father told her, to wish good night to everyone, not forgetting the doll, and had just got as far as Emmy when the maid entered the room to take her to bed. Emmy could not help being flattered and touched when, at the sight of another strange face, the little girl pressed against her closely, as she whispered, "Will Cousin Emmy take Seyna to bed?" Emmy willingly laid down her work, and the tiny hand was put trustingly in hers as she got up to leave the room. When Emmy had reached the door with the child, Siword had already come forward to open it for her.

"Take care, cousin," he said, with a half-smile, "that in order to win this little damsel you do not place a burden about your neck. Her theory is: Give me a finger, and I'll soon have the whole hand."

"Well, she is right; that is the theory of the conquerors of the world," answered Emmy playfully, as she looked kindly at the child, who just now had let go her hand to cover that of her father with kisses.

Emmy stopped a moment at the door, to give him an opportunity of returning these caresses, as she naturally expected he would do; but he limited himself to putting his hand upon the dark, curly head and again warning the child to go to sleep quietly, and not to make herself troublesome to Emmy.

Emmy then went upstairs.

The child willingly allowed herself to be undressed by Emmy, and, with amusing activity and neatness, folded up her clothes and laid them carefully on a chair.

Thus far in her life Emmy had had very little to do with children, and she felt inexpressibly attracted to the little daughter of Siward Hiddema. The round, rosy face, her gentle voice, and her great blue eyes full of childish innocence had an indescribable charm for her. She felt flattered by the preference and trustfulness of the child, who chatted incessantly about grandmamma and Aunt Christine, who had always put her to bed when she lived with her grandmamma. It filled her with involuntary emotion when the child knelt down beside her little bed to utter a short, childish prayer, and afterwards had scarcely laid her head upon the pillow when the closed eyes and the regular breathing through the half-parted lips showed that she was asleep.

Emmy gently loosened the little hand which had held her finger, kissed the white forehead, and remained a long time deep in thought sitting by the side of the crib.

Although in the distance she could hear the talking and laughing in the parlour below, she did not feel the slightest wish to join in it. She felt as if in the midst of merriment she was a stranger, who by her very presence disturbed the circle of old acquaintances.

Although of late she had been mostly in a sorrowful state of mind, she hardly knew herself to what to ascribe the feeling of deep depression, still less the sensation of solitude and forlornness, which now overcame her.

The sleeping child whom she was watching reminded her of her own childhood, when she had slept in the same crib in the same little room, next to the bedroom of her parents. She thought how, perhaps, more than once, her mother had sometimes watched her asleep as she was now watching this child, and how her mother could never have imagined with what a heavy and sorrowful heart her daughter would sit in the same place. All the scenes of her youth passed gradually before her—the happy years previous to her mother's death, the happy years with Aunt Emmy, who had made good all she had lost in her mother. She also called to mind how full of hope and bright expectation, she had been when, after long absence, she had come back to her father's house, and all the expectations which in a still greater degree she had cherished of a future with Bruno Eversberg.

And it had all resulted in sorrow and disappointment.

In her father's house she was nothing more than a stranger who was tolerated.

Bruno was dead, or, even if it were not so, it was not likely after this long interval that she should ever hear anything more of him. Otto was married, and she seldom had an opportunity of seeing him, whilst she did not feel sufficiently at home in his house to go there often; and Elizabeth also in a year's time would be married, and with the first change of the regiment would leave Dilburg; and then she would be left behind alone with her step-mother, who had never shown her any love or cordiality; with Mina, who hated her, and William, who had sworn vengeance against her. Alas! it was no wonder Emmy's heart was heavy and sorrowful; no wonder that at these thoughts the tears rolled down her cheeks, and that a painful lamentation came from her heart—

"Bruno! if you had been spared to me, how different it would all have been!"

It was impossible for Emmy in this mood to go downstairs. She sought her own room, where the moon threw its clear light through the open window, and where she sat down to let the cool evening wind blow away the traces of her tears, and to calm her agitated mind by contemplating the repose of nature in the outspread garden below.

But now that her thoughts had taken this course it was difficult to stop them. The moonlight brought back to her recollection the evening when Bruno had spoken to her of his love, and all that had happened subsequently—things which she had thought over a thousand times, which she had brought before her mind in all their smallest details, and of which she was never weary of thinking.

For some time past, however, a new idea had fixed itself in her mind; namely, the possibility of ascertaining something certain about Bruno.

If she knew for certain that Bruno was dead, she might possibly be calmer and more at peace than now; for, in spite of the conviction which she felt of his death, a faint hope still lingered in her heart that all would yet be cleared up, and that perhaps Bruno would unexpectedly appear before her eyes.

It was, in truth, but a faint, lingering hope, but it still lived on, and was sustained by the elasticity of youth, which never will despair as long as there is the least glimmer of light in the darkness.

This idea inspired Emmy again with redoubled strength. There was one expedient,—and she often regretted she had not sooner resorted to it,—and that was to take Otto into her confidence—to com-

municate fully to him the tie between Bruno and herself, and to leave it to him to find the means of procuring information respecting Bruno's return. Her resolution now became fully ripe.

She would go and see Otto at his chambers the next morning, and then she would know in a few weeks' time whether it was hope or fear which had spoken to her with the voice of truth.

Her spirits rose as she came to this decision, and she left her room much lighter-hearted than when she had entered it, and she went downstairs to join the family circle.

On entering the drawing-room, she found the lamp lighted and the party increased by the addition of Lieutenant Smit and of Otto, who had just come to welcome Siword Hiddema, and who was already in close conversation with him; not so close, however, but that Siword remarked Emmy's return, and, placing a chair for her by the table, he said, "Seyna has not detained you too long, I hope?"

"Oh, no! the child went to sleep immediately. Well, Otto, how are you? Is Celine well?"

"Quite well, thank you, Emmy."

There was something short and forced in the tone in which Otto replied, and, turning immediately to Siword, he said, "You will find much changed here, Siword."

"Yes, Otto, all is changed, and one does not stand still oneself. As I sit here, and see you all around me, I could almost think that the last seven years have been a dream; and yet after an absence, whether short or long, one finds on one's return that all is different to what one expected. It seems as if one's mind were incapable of receiving from mere description a lasting impression of a change without actually seeing it. I knew that I should not find your father here, but yet his empty place seemed to me on my arrival strange and unnatural. I knew that Elizabeth was engaged to be married, and yet I could not picture her to myself otherwise than in a frock and pinafore, and with a doll in her arms. I knew that you were a lawyer in full practice and a married man, yet I could only think of you as the young student who was then at home for his vacation."

"Yes, so it is," answered Otto; "but when the first less agreeable impression of these changes has passed away, the old associations come back to one again in a new form, and the recollection of the past loses itself pleasantly in the present."

So they chatted on. All sorts of people

whom Siword had known in Dilburg were talked over, and the various changes which had taken place. Emmy now and then joined in the conversation; but she became silent and bent lower over her work when she heard Mrs. Welters say, "With no one has it gone so hard as with the Eversbergs. You must remember that family; they were living close by the last time you were here, Siword."

"Yes, certainly, aunt, I recollect them. By chance I heard the whole sad story this morning in the train from a naval officer, who was travelling with me, and who had once stayed with the Eversbergs. He entered into conversation with me when he heard I was going to Dilburg. What a melancholy end these people had. I still recollect the young fellow, who had then just made his first voyage as a cadet. What a fearful discovery it must have been for him."

"Yes, the son then took his discharge from the navy," added Mrs. Welters; "but he went to America, and no news of him has ever since been received at Dilburg."

"Well, aunt," resumed Siword, "then I can give you some news of him. He has succeeded very well in an agricultural undertaking somewhere in Canada, and has besides married a very rich American young lady. The naval officer with whom I travelled had been a comrade of young Eversberg's, and had seen him at the opera in New York with his wife and father-in-law. Unluckily he had not caught sight of him till the last act, and then, not being quite sure, he had to wait till the end before he could ask the gentleman who was sitting next him whether he was mistaken in the man. From this person he then heard the news of the marriage; but, as he was himself obliged to set sail the next day, he had no time to visit Eversberg. In going out from the opera, however, he had an opportunity in passing of congratulating and shaking hands with Eversberg, who had evidently hardly recognized him when Eversberg reached his carriage, that was waiting, and helped his wife into it. She was a beautiful woman, according to the testimony of the naval officer."

Many exclamations of surprise and wonder followed the news thus imparted by Siword; but Otto merely said gravely and warmly, "I am glad he is so prosperous, and I hope he will be happy, for Bruno Eversberg was a fine good fellow, who bore himself like a man under the misfortunes which came upon him, and deserves the respect of everyone, notwithstanding the shame which his father brought upon him."

Hardly anyone of those present said a word.

Emmy's head bowed deeper and deeper over her work, and her hands went on mechanically, whilst the unexpected shock which Siword's words had given her drove every drop of blood to her heart, and made it beat and thump with painful force.

In her ears there was a rushing sound as of the sea; a cloud came before her eyes, and she would certainly have lost consciousness had she not been roused by an instinctive feeling that the eyes of some of the party were fixed upon her, and with cold curiosity were probing her wound.

She felt the triumphant look in William's eyes; the cold, curious gaze of her step-mother; and her feelings of self-respect and her pride wrestled with the cruel pain in her betrayed heart, and were at length victorious.

Short but fierce was the strife.

When Emmy lifted up her head, her eyes sparkled as with an internal fire, which gave a heightened colour to her cheeks; calmly and steadily she met the inquisitive gaze of her stepmother and the mocking smile on William's lips, and when the conversation turned on another subject, she took an active part in it, and laughed and talked as she had not done for years.

From the great excitement into which she had been thrown this cost her but little effort after the first moment.

She felt equal to anything, if only she need not be alone; if she could but stifle within her the voice which seemed to loose from her hold the whole world — her life, her hope, her promise, and her trust — the voice which made her heart rebel against all mankind in that one sentence, "Bruno Eversberg is married."

It was fortunate for Emmy that the evening did not last much longer, not an hour longer, or the unnatural tension would have given place to a reaction which would have exposed in one way or other the part she was playing. But before it had come to this the family had dispersed, and Emmy had sought the solitude of her own room, where none could witness her agitation.

Her heart was filled with a bitterness which, for a moment at all events, stifled the feeling of sorrow.

A dull despair made itself master of her soul. Her thoughts whirled round in a painful confusion.

Such a short time before, on that very same evening, she would have considered Bruno's death as the greatest conceivable woe. How thankful would she now be if she could think of him as one who had died loving her and true to her to the end!

Now that Bruno was unfaithful to her, whom could she trust or rely upon in this world? Faithless and cowardly he had been, for he had wanted the courage to confess his unfaithfulness. And for this unworthy man she had suffered so much. Of him, the husband of another woman, she had thought day and night; she had lived for him; she had trusted and fixed her hope in him, and for him had prayed so earnestly.

Rest was impossible to her. For hours she walked up and down the room, feeling that to go to bed in this agitated frame of mind was out of the question. In vain she sought comfort and support in religion; in vain she fell on her knees and prayed for calmness and submission, with her burning head buried in the pillows of her bed. Her heart was, as it were, petrified, and could not join in what her lips uttered spontaneously in the sore distress of her soul.

When the first glimmer of morning found its way into her room, she threw herself on her bed still dressed; and overpowered by fatigue, she fell into a light slumber, and a dream or vision — she could never afterwards recall it distinctly — came to her; it seemed as if, in the faint light of dawn, the spirit of her old aunt hovered over her; as if a cold hand were laid on her burning forehead, while the bitterness of her heart melted away at the sound of words often and often spoken by her aunt — words which even now served as a balm to Emmy's deeply wounded soul, as they sounded in her ears with the old, familiar tone:

"Even what comes to you through man comes from God."



From Saint Pauls.  
OUR GREAT-GRANDMOTHERS;  
OR, SKETCHES FROM MONTAGU HOUSE.

By the AUTHOR of "FLEMISH INTERIORS."

PART I.

AT the distance of a few paces from the north-west angle of Portman Square has stood for, now, nearly a century, a massive brick-built mansion, gloomy and grand, surrounded by its own grounds, enclosed within a stone and iron balustrade.

All that is known of it by the present generation is shrouded by its mournful dignity and gloomy seclusion; for its neglected exterior and deserted gardens, its crumbling walls and grass-grown paths invest with something like romance the mystery which hangs about it. To ourselves, whose first tottering steps were tried on the lawns of Portman Square, and whose earliest daisy-chains were woven in its arbours, Montagu House, seen through the bars of its iron railings, and shut off from the access of the profane vulgar by its massive iron gates, supported by piers containing weird statueless niches, still retains much of that solemnity which in those far-off days rendered it an object of awe and interest to our infant imagination: notwithstanding its gloom, it is, however, fraught to us with sunny memories of joyous childhood, and as we pass beneath the shade of its tall trees, to this day, we recall our youthful curiosity as to its history, and the eagerness with which we listened to the romantic traditions woven round it by our nurse.

There was the story of the infant heir, lost by his nurses, picked up by sweeps, who, unable to make out to whom the child belonged, finally received him among them as an apprentice, and having exchanged his costly dress for the little sooty costume of a climbing-boy, sent him to cleanse a chimney in one of the noble mansions of the metropolis. The boy's sudden recognition of the gilded grandeur and silken splendour amidat which his early years had been nurtured, was the interesting climax in the nursery romance, and it was delightful to think this was a "true tale." We did not pause then, as we now do, to ask *who* this little gentleman was; we were content to learn, as the moral of the story, that the great lady, delighted at recovering the child she had so bitterly mourned, instituted an annual holiday for the sweeps, and assembled them in large numbers on the anniversary of the happy day, feasting them on old English cheer, and permitting them to dis-

port themselves in the grounds of Montagu House, which thenceforward acquired a peculiar claim on our imagination.

That Mrs. Montagu entertained the sooty fraternity each May-Day there can be no doubt. In Hone's *Every-Day Book* we find some verses written shortly after her death, where the discontinuance of the charity is deplored. Her practice is also mentioned in Mrs. Delany's correspondence, and again in Miss Burney's, but whether on the grounds of simple compassion, or out of gratitude for some such service as above alluded to, there is no evidence to show. The grand-daughter of Miss Gregory, who lived for many years at Montagu House with Mrs. Montagu, is still living, and denies the story *in toto*; and the boy in question certainly was not Mrs. Montagu's son, as the only child she ever had died in convulsions before he could walk. It is just possible that there may have been some confusion between the story of the sweeps and some of the youthful escapades of the son of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who had a singular habit of running away, contracted in the nursery, and adhered to with remarkable fidelity all through his career.

As regards the external aspect of Montagu House, if it has produced on the present generation an impression of sepulchral desertion and spectral gloom, if its closed windows and rarely opened doors, its silent courts and deserted approaches have stamped it with a character of abandonment and disuse, a century ago it bore a very different appearance; it was then the scene of busy life, and open-handed hospitality, the rendezvous of literature and art, and the resort of genius and refinement.

Occupying topographically the most elevated spot in London, as London then was, it had also a moral claim to be considered the Parnassus of eighteenth century letters, on which a fair votary had reared a temple to her Muses. The "Blue Stocking Club," established by Mrs. Montagu, and holding its learned *réunions* within the precincts of Montagu House, may be said to have rivalled in literary utility and importance the sparkling *Salon bleu* organized in the Hôtel de Rambouillet by the gifted and beautiful Catherine de Vivonne, a century before.

Both mansions were built, both *salons* were devised, both coteries were organized by a young, beautiful, enterprising, and cultivated woman, possessing, and turning to the noblest account, the ad-



vantages and influence of wealth, rank, and position; and both, by the charms of their persons, the graces of their manners, and the fascination of their wit, knowing how to bring together around themselves as a common centre all the most illustrious characters of their times, with a view to a noble moral purpose—the depuration and reformation of the national literature, and with it of the minds and manners of society.

It is pleasant to think of these two spirited and energetic women as thoroughly feminine both in mind and person; devoted to a great public object, yet carrying out their schemes for its furtherance in the most quiet and unobtrusive manner; fulfilling, the while, their own social and domestic duties as became their position and station—the private life of each supplying a model of conscientious activity and industry, while in the conversation and correspondence of both we observe, the most womanly delicacy and refinement without a shade of affectation or prudery. The task they assumed was *woman's work* and only to be accomplished by *such* women. In this noble rivalry for eminence in unobtrusive utility to their times, Mrs. Montagu enjoyed distinct advantages. She had before her the history of the rise, progress, and decline of the *Salon bleu*. She could study the failure as well as the intention of that interesting period; and while she noted its brilliant results could gain experience from its mistakes. Although, however, she availed herself to some extent of this privilege, and the "Blue Stocking Club" never fell into absolute ridicule, yet was its existence as short-lived as that of its prototype.

Various have been the explanations of the singular nomenclature by which these learned *réunions* were described. According to Madame Piozzi, it is traceable to the plain costume worn there by Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, an eloquent speaker and *habitué*; it being usual, on such occasions when he was prevented from attending, to deplore the absence of the "Blue Stockings."

Sir William Forbes's evidence—in his *Life of Beattie*—supports this version; but the biographer of Mrs. Carter remarks that Stillingfleet died in December 1771, "long before these meetings acquired that appellation."

Mrs. Hannah More, who wrote a poem on the subject, did not publish it until 1786, and agrees with Mrs. Carter in the opinion that the name arose from the extreme ease, simplicity, and *laissez-aller* of

the *réunions*, at which all ceremony was waived.

" . . . Mrs. Carter," says her nephew, "constantly met with men of letters of great note at the houses of her friends: especially at Mrs. Montagu's splendid table, where she saw a vast variety of persons eminent in every way: and at Mrs. Vesey's,\* the friend of both: at their houses there were frequent evening meetings without form, of persons of both sexes distinguished for genius and learning."

"To these parties it was not difficult for any persons of character to be introduced: there was no ceremony, no cards, and no supper. Dress was altogether disregarded, and a foreign gentleman having excused himself from accompanying a friend thither on the plea that he was not dressed, was assured that this was so unnecessary he might appear there in *blue stockings*. This he understood in the literal sense, for when he spoke of it afterwards in French, he described it as the "*Bas-bleu* meeting."

It is a curious coincidence—if it be no more than a coincidence—that Madame de Rambouillet should, a century before, have chosen *blue* as the colour of the room in which she received that wonderful bevy of learned and illustrious men and women who gave its name to the *grand siècle*. This storied *salon* acquired the appellation of *Salon bleu*, by which its glories have been transmitted to posterity, from the fact that "*rouge tanné*"† (as still maintained in Italy) had been, till then, the only colour accepted by French taste as suitable for drawing-room decorations. It was Madame de Rambouillet who had the courage to start the new colour, and to emancipate her compatriots from this as well as many other bonds of social tyranny.

To return to Mr. Stillingfleet, who appears to have added so much lustre to these literary gatherings; of the intelligence and success with which he pursued and utilized the various acquirements which made his presence essential to their brilliancy, we have evidence rather in Mrs. Montagu's letters than in the works he left behind him, and must therefore suppose that it was rather the charm of his manner than the depth of his knowledge that fascinated his contemporaries.

Alluding to his taste for natural history, she observes in a letter to Dr. Monsey:

\* Formerly Miss Handcock.

† See Sauval's *Antiquités de Paris*: also Bayle's *Dictionary*.

" . . . You could give us botanic essays that would delight and perhaps inform even our friend Mr. Stillingfleet."

In another to the same correspondent, she intimates that Mr. Stillingfleet was not only popular among the learned ladies, but was somewhat spoiled by their appreciation of him.

"I do not believe," she writes, "that Mr. Stillingfleet is more attracted to the lilies of the field than the lilies of the town, who toil and spin just as little as the others, and, by the by, like the former are better arrayed than Solomon in all his glory. I assure you our former philosopher is now so much a man of pleasure that he has left off his old friends and his 'blue stockings,' and is to be met at operas and gay assemblies every night; so, imagine whether a sage doctor, a dropical patient, and a bleak mountain are likely to attract him."

Mrs. Thrale was one of those who assumed a part in the formation of the Blue-Stocking Clubs, says Madame d'Arblay; but their real founders were Mrs. Vesey and Mrs. Montagu.

"Mrs. Vesey, indeed, gentle and diffident, dreamed not of any competition, but Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Thrale had long set up as rival candidates for colloquial eminence, and each thought the other alone worthy to be her peer. Openly, therefore, when they met, they combated for precedence of admiration, with placid though high-strained intellectual exertion on the one side, and an exuberant pleasantry of classical allusion or learned quotation on the other, without the smallest malice in either." Mrs. Piozzi, speaking of this supposed rivalry, says in her Memoirs:

"I have no care about enjoying undivided empire, nor thoughts of disputing it with Mrs. Montagu. She considers her title indisputable most probably, though I am sure I never heard her urge it."

Wraxall, who had in his mind a comparison between these two ladies, says of Mrs. Thrale:

"She always appeared to me to possess at least as much information, a mind as cultivated, and an intellect as brilliant as Mrs. Montagu; but she did not descend among men from so lofty an eminence; and she talked more profusely as well as less guardedly on every subject."

Gentleness of manner and a well-bred self-control, indeed, appear to be marking features in Mrs. Montagu's character, and all her letters leave upon the reader the impression of a well-balanced mind.

"Nothing could be more agreeable nor

more instructive than these parties," says Mr. Pennington, in his Memoirs: "Mrs. Montagu had the almost magic art of putting all her company at their ease without the least appearance of effort. Here was no formal circle to petrify an unfortunate stranger on his entrance; no rules of conversation to observe; no holding forth of one individual to his own distress and the stupefaction of his auditors; no reading of his works by the author." This we venture to think a mistake. What can present to the mind a more inspiring picture than that of the great Corneille standing up in the midst of the *Salon bleu*, with every eye directed towards him, and the whole attention of the illustrious company hanging on his lips as he read aloud the proof-sheets of the *Cid*? To proceed with our quotation descriptive of these not less interesting assemblies. "The company naturally broke into little knots, perpetually varying and changing. They talked or were silent, sat or walked about as they pleased; nor was it compulsory even to talk sense. Here was no bar to harmless mirth and gaiety; and while Dr. Johnson might be holding forth in one corner on moral duties, in another two or three young people might be discussing the fashions or the opera, and in a third Horace Walpole might be entertaining a little group around him with his lively wit.

"Now and then the presiding genius might call the attention of the company in general to some circumstance of news in politics or literature, or perhaps to an anecdote or interesting incident relating to persons known to the whole society.

"Of this last kind a laughable circumstance occurred during the year 1788, when Mrs. Carter was confined to her bed by a fever thought to be dangerous. She was being attended by her brother-in-law, Dr. Douglas, then a physician in town, and he was in the habit of sending bulletins of her state to her intimate friends, with many of whom he was himself well acquainted. At one of these parties a note was brought to Mrs. Vesey, which she immediately saw was from Dr. Douglas.

"'Oh,' said she, 'this must be an account of our dear Mrs. Carter; as we are all interested in her health, perhaps Dr. Johnson will read it aloud for the benefit of the company.'

"The Doctor gravely took the note, and opening it, read with most impressive emphasis the physician's report in all its detail.

"In these parties were to be met all the persons of note and eminence then in Lon-

don. Bishops and wits, noblemen and authors, politicians and scholars —

Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place —

all met without ceremony and mixed in easy conversation. Even to very young persons admittance was not refused. Here were to be seen those who, once seen, can never be forgotten: Mr. Burke, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Horace Walpole, Lord Percy, Mr. Maty, George Lord Lyttleton, and sometimes with his usual inconsistency, his son Thomas, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Mason, Sir Wm. Pepys, Mr. Cambridge, Mrs. Boscawen, Mr. Vesey, Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, Mrs. Hannah More, Mr. J. H. Browne, Mr. Langton, Mr. Cole, Mr. Bowdler, Mrs. Delany, Dr. Burney and his daughter Fanny, with a long catalogue of other persons of note, and occasional visitors eminent for character or literature, or aspiring to the society of those who were. This association was also frequented by Dr. Beattie, as well as by his amiable historian, Sir Wm. Forbes. Dr. Beattie was a very intimate friend of Mrs. Montagu, and well acquainted with Mrs. Carter."

Hannah More has attempted in a stilted poem very uncomfortable to read, entitled *Conversation, or the Bas-bleu* to commemorate the heroes and heroines of this association:

Vesey, of verse the judge and friend,  
Boscawen sage, bright Montagu,

are apostrophized by their names; but although the authoress affects to despise the meetings of the *Salon bleu*, and hints somewhat broadly at the superiority of the *Bas-bleu*, in these terms:

Oh, how unlike the wit that fell,  
Rambouillet, at thy quaint Hotel!

we perceive the same affectation of assumed names among many of the members: thus "Cato" stands for Johnson, "Hortensius" for Burke, "Lelius" for Sir Wm. Pepys, &c.

All this, however, gradually died out, and in 1800 (Dec. 13), Madame d'Arblay, writing to her father, exclaims: "How sadly is our Blue Club cut up! Sir William Pepys told me it was dead while living; all such society as that we formerly belonged to and enjoyed being positively over." This was four months after the death of Mrs. Montagu. Two convulsive efforts were made after Mrs. Vesey's death to revive these literary societies, and establish them on a similar plan, first at Lady Herries', wife of Sir Robert Herries, of St. James's Street, who opened her house

one evening every week for the purpose, and afterwards by Mrs. Hunter, wife of the celebrated John Hunter, of Leicester Square, then a fashionable locality; but their duration, though spirited at first, and sustained by the personal co-operation of persons of rank and genius, was short-lived, and on their cessation no further revival was attempted. But it is time we gave a sketch of the antecedents and life of the mistress of Montagu House.

Mrs. Montagu, described in the diction of her times as "an ingenious and learned English gentlewoman," and recognized as such by her contemporaries, was the daughter of Matthew Robinson, of Rokeby, a gentleman of fortune and owner of landed estates in various counties of England.

She was born at West Layton, in Yorkshire, on the 2nd of October, 1720, but passed her early years at Cambridge, where, besides the instruction she received from her father — himself a distinguished scholar — she enjoyed the advantage of the invigorating, if somewhat severe, moral training of her step-grandfather, Dr. Conyers Middleton. Though one of twelve children (nine of whom survived until after her marriage), she was the only one distinguished for the superiority of her attainments. Both her preceptors were proud of her singular intelligence and aptitude, as well as of her extraordinary beauty; but though they took so much pains with the cultivation of her mind, they either neglected or mismanaged her religious impressions, which remained very uncertain until her acquaintance — which ultimately ripened into a sincere and lasting friendship — with Gilbert West and Lord Lyttleton.

Elizabeth Robinson was married at the age of twenty-two to Edward Montagu, grandson of the first Earl of Sandwich, and a man of great wealth, through whom she became related to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, of learned memory. His tastes were as refined and cultivated as her own, but it is an error to suppose she owed any assistance to her husband in her literary labours, as his attention was engrossed by scientific pursuits. It does not even appear that he took part in her literary assemblies, or that he shared her intimacies with the learned men and women who formed her society. Mr. Montagu died in 1775, leaving his wife sole mistress of a princely fortune, to which he left no heir.

About the year 1780 she built the mansion known as Montagu House, and leaving Hill Street, took up her residence there, not only dispensing a splendid hospitality,

but receiving periodically the learned coterie she had formed, and associating on terms of intimacy with all the wits and illustrious personages of the day. Having attained her eightieth year, she died within these walls, August 25, 1800.

Although Mrs. Montagu was a thoroughly well-bred woman, and not only inherited and cultivated a taste for letters, but had formed that taste by communication with all the most distinguished authors and thinkers of her time, there is no evidence that she was a learned woman; indeed, she is said by contemporary biographers to have possessed no knowledge of the dead languages; and it is more than probable that the education received by no few women in our own day would have thrown into the shade attainments such as those displayed by Mrs. Montagu. In her time, however, it was comparatively rare for women to pursue serious studies, or to assert themselves in connection with art, science, or literature.

It is certain that Mrs. Montagu, whether by means of her personal graces or her brilliant powers of conversation, received the willing homage of the greatest contemporary celebrities.

She wrote *Three Dialogues of the Dead* under the auspices of Lord Lyttleton, who published them together with his own, and with him, as well as with Pulteney, she was wont to confer on literary matters. At the table of the second Lord Oxford she was continually a welcome guest, and Goldsmith, Burke, Reynolds, Lord Kaimes, Lord Chatham, Garrick, and others, remained her constant visitors until their respective deaths. Dr. Beattie, who was a frequent inmate at Montagu House, maintained his acquaintance with its mistress by an active correspondence. Mrs. Vesey, Hannah More, and Mrs. Delany were among her intimates; while Mrs. Carter was one of her most congenial companions. For Dr. Young she entertained the sincerest admiration, and often quotes his conversations.

Her principal work was her vindication of our great dramatist from the attacks of Voltaire, entitled *An Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakespeare*, on the merits of which opinions are divided.

Cowper, who only fell in with it some years after it was published, bestows on it the most unqualified praise.

"I no longer wonder," he says in his correspondence, "that Mrs. Montagu stands at the head of all that is called learned, and that every critic vails his bonnet to her superior judgment. . . . The good

sense, the sound judgment, and the wit displayed in it fully justify, not only my compliment, but all compliments that have been already paid or shall hereafter be paid to her talents."

Johnson, on the other hand, whose conversation on the subject with Garrick and Reynolds is reported by Boswell, expresses himself altogether otherwise as to its merits.

Reynolds: "I think that Essay does honour to the writer."

Johnson: "Yes, sir, it does *her* honour, but it would do honour to no one else; I have, indeed, not read it at all; but when I take up the end of a web and find it pack-thread, I do not expect, by looking farther, to find embroidery. Sir, I will venture to say there is not one sentence of true criticism in her book."

Garrick: "But, sir, surely it shows how much Voltaire has mistaken Shakespeare, which nobody else has done."

Johnson: "Sir, nobody else has thought it worth while. And what merit is there in that? You may as well praise a schoolmaster for whipping a boy who has construed ill. No, sir, there is no real criticism in it; none showing the least beauty of thought as formed on the workings of the human heart."

Mr. William Seward, however, says that "Johnson always admitted of this Essay, that it was *ad hominem*, that it was conclusive against Voltaire, and that she had accomplished what she intended."

The best proof, perhaps, of this, was Voltaire's mortification, which, though he affected indifference, oozed out in his *Lettre à l'Académie française*, Aug. 25, 1773, where he avails himself of the opportunity to talk at his critic with unmistakable dissatisfaction at the result of her remarks.

Indeed, he never forgave her, though he had been previously acquainted with her when in England, and never after heard her name mentioned without adding some ridicule or abuse of her.

In repartee, however, it seems she was not an unequal match, for when at Paris in 1776, being told at table that Voltaire had said, "There was no matter for surprise that a pearl should be found here and there in Shakespeare's *énorme fumier*," she replied that, "It was nevertheless to Shakespeare's *fumier* that Voltaire was indebted for his best corn."

Madame Necker says Mrs. Montagu's visit to Paris seemed to have been made on purpose to defend her Essay from the reprisals of Voltaire and his partisans "qui accablaient cet auteur de mauvaises

plaisanteries, et vous sentez qu'il en tombe quelques-unes à droite et à gauche sur son adoratrice. Malgré cela, tout le monde rend justice à l'esprit, aux lumières et à l'honnêteté de Madame Montagu. . . . Elle fait," she adds, "des efforts inouïs pour s'exprimer en Français."

Lady Elizabeth Compton, when at Florence, having presented a copy of the Essay to Lorenzo Pignotti on behalf of the authoress, he addressed to Mrs. Montagu a complimentary poem, published at Florence in 1779, and in the dedication he expresses his gratification at receiving the gift.

One result of the publication of Mrs. Montagu's Essay, was to call the attention of the Continental literary world to the works of Shakespeare, which were singularly little known before, beyond our shores, and through them to English literature generally. A complete French translation of Shakespeare's plays immediately followed the publication of Mrs. Montagu's Essay. This translation was eagerly read, and, at all events, served to satisfy Continental *beaux-esprits* of the truth of what Mrs. Montagu had asserted — either that Voltaire did not apprehend the language of the author, or that he wilfully misrepresented his meaning — a dilemma from which it was not easy for him to extricate himself.

Mrs. Carter, it appears, was in the secret of Mrs. Montagu's Essay from the first, but was the only one, even of her most intimate acquaintances, admitted to her confidence in this matter. She even looked over the MSS. in order to correct any trifling inaccuracies of diction or punctuation which might have escaped the "ingenious and elegant writer." "The world indeed," writes Mrs. Pennington, "unwilling to believe that a woman of fashion, gay and admired as was Mrs. Montagu, could be capable of producing so rare and able a piece of criticism, gave the credit of it to Mrs. Carter;" and it appears that although this Essay was so widely circulated throughout the literary society, not only of England, but of the Continent — for it was translated into several languages and universally admired — no one of the public was really aware from whose brain it had emanated.

Mrs. Carter writes thus to Mrs. Montagu on the subject: "As my brother is an enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare, you will imagine I was impatient for him to read your Essay; pray applaud the fortitude of my virtue, which held out against all the commendations he bestowed on it

without attempting the smallest guess at the author, whom I suffered him to characterize as *he* and *him* with most exemplary acquiescence, whilst inwardly wild to oppose such an injury. . . . I believe I told you how much the Douglasses were charmed with it; also Mrs. Pennington. . . . She holds it very monstrous, that when I heard her so strongly commend it I would not give her the pleasure of hearing by whom it was writ. Indeed, it seems to me downright affectation to conceal it any longer. . . . It gives me great pleasure that it was at first a secret, as it helped you to that unprejudiced applause of the work which it might have been difficult to separate from a regard to the author. . . . I had a letter from Mrs. Howe, who mentions the general admiration bestowed on the work by all she has heard name it, and adds that no one she has met with has discovered the author. How can people be so dull!"

Sir Joshua's opinion of Mrs. Montagu's Essay was favourable from the first, though at the time he read it, all he knew of its authorship was that it was the production of one of our most eminent literati, yet at the same time contained self-evident proof that the writer did not know the Greek tragedies in the original.

"Johnson," says Boswell, "wondered how Sir Joshua could admire it;" and on a subsequent occasion, at the table of the latter, he seems to have been animated by the same spirit when, on its being related that Mrs. Montagu, in the excess of her admiration for the author of a modern tragedy — whom Croker supposes to have been probably Jephson, author of *Braganza* — had exclaimed, "I tremble for Shakespeare," he said, "when Shakespeare has Jephson for his rival, and Mrs. Montagu for his advocate, he is in a bad case indeed."

Fifteen years later we find Johnson in better humour with Mrs. Montagu, though we have reason to suppose there was no very amicable relation between them. He had been descanting on the charm of such society as that of three ladies he had met the previous day at dinner at Mrs. Garrick's — Mrs. Carter, Hannah More, and Fanny Burney. "Three such women," he affirmed, "were not to be found. A fourth there was, to wit, Mrs. Lennox, who was superior to them all."

Boswell: "What, sir! had you them all to yourself?"

Johnson: "I had them all, as much as they were to be had."

Boswell: "Might not Mrs. Montagu have made a fifth?"



Johnson: "Sir, Mrs. Montagu does not make a trade of her wit, but Mrs. Montagu is a very extraordinary woman. She has a constant stream of conversation, and it is always impregnated; it always has meaning."

It was the tone adopted by Johnson in his *Life of Lord Lyttleton* that gave umbrage to Mrs. Montagu. Before sending his MS. to the press Johnson submitted it to Mrs. Montagu, "who," says Mrs. Rose, "was much dissatisfied with it, considering her friend in every way underrated; but the Doctor made no alteration. "When," continues this lady, "he subsequently made one of a party at Mrs. Montagu's he addressed his hostess twice or three times after dinner with a view to engage her in conversation. Receiving each time only cold and brief answers, he said in a low voice to General Paoli, who sat next him, and who told me the story, 'You see, sir, I am no longer the man for Mrs. Montagu.' Mrs. Montagu, however, was just towards her contemporary, and once observed, in the hearing of Mrs. Piozzi, that, "Were an angel to give the *imprimatur*, Dr. Johnson's works were among the very few which would not need to be lessened by a line."

Mrs. Montagu obtained, among her intimates, the nickname of "Fidget," though why this name was given her does not seem clear. However, it was necessary to employ some distinctive appellation for her, as there was another Mrs. Montagu in the Blue Stocking coterie, with whom she is frequently confounded.

#### PART II.

Nulla venenato littera mista Joco est.  
Ov. Trist.

BIOGRAPHERS may supply a minutely detailed account of those whose lives they are transmitting, but it can scarcely fail to be tinted, if not coloured, by their own views, prejudices, or imagination.

If we would possess ourselves of the genuine character of one whose history we think worth studying, we shall find the surest key to it in the unguarded pages of his or her epistolary correspondence. In that of Mrs. Montagu, collected and arranged by her nephew and executor, Mr. Matthew Montagu, we are supplied with a valuable auxiliary. Of the four volumes into which it has been compressed, the first two contain her earlier effusions, beginning with the natural and unstudied communications of early girlhood, mostly addressed to her intimate friend, four years her senior, the Duchess of Portland. Few

young girls of fourteen have indited such letters, though as regards style or grammatical correctness we are far from offering them as models; still, even in this respect, they are very superior to those of most, even mature, writers of that time. Their charm lies in the vivacity and *abandon*, the flow and facility, the dash and spirit, with which the youthful writer expresses herself; while the good sense which characterizes her remarks, the evidences not only of reflection and judgment, but of refinement and *savoir vivre*, which even thus early distinguish them, at once surprise and delight.

It was at a later period that Mrs. Montagu acquired, together with a larger share of discretion, and a laudable reticence of that satirical spirit natural to her quick and brilliant imagination, the dignity and elegance of diction which challenged the admiration of her contemporaries. If modern taste discovers to us that she was not altogether exempt from the mannerism of her times, it is never offended by the smallest approach to coarseness, or even to those freedoms of speech which disfigure the works of the last century. But that which most of all draws us to her, is her well-defined and practical appreciation of the position, the duties, the capabilities and the *reservations* of her sex; her nice discernment of the limits which, as a woman, she was called on to approach, but *beyond* which she was bound not to venture — of that delicate line which divides the sublime from the ridiculous, and the feminine instinct which withheld her from ever overstepping it.

It was this which gave a nameless grace to all she did, so that she always comes before us feeling, thinking, speaking, acting, writing as a woman; and whether in the character of daughter, sister, wife, mother or friend, attained, without appearing even to aim at it, that standard of perfection which is in the power of every woman, and should constitute her chief social pre-occupation.

In her day, it is true, woman was still the divinity of man; she had not yet, in becoming his rival, swept away every chivalrous sentiment: womanly tact still survived to whisper that her strength lay in the just recognition of her dependence, and that, content with the conscientious performance of supplementary but not less important duties, she was destined to form an harmonious whole, and thus to attain her highest glory as the "help-mate" of man. Mrs. Montagu was too intelligent to abandon the substance while grasping



at the shadow, and to exchange the triumph of commanding a willing homage for the struggle of contention for an impossible and undesirable equality. Mrs. Montagu's correspondence contains numerous papers — nay, many entire letters — worthy of the study of her great-granddaughters, whom we gladly refer to the volumes which contain them. We must content ourselves with extracting a single one from the earlier series, selected because eminently characteristic of the moral qualities of the writer. If, as we have surmised, our familiar correspondence is a valuable exponent of individual character, it is because in every life there must be circumstances which render the writer's own description of them and of their effects a crucial test. The letter in question was written in the unconstrained trustfulness of intimate friendship ten days after the sudden death of an only infant.

We can better appreciate the genuine and unobtrusive piety, the dutiful resignation and calm dignity, with which she received this cruel blow, if we refer to a previous letter to the Duchess of Portland, and also to another addressed to Mr. Donnellan one short month before, wherein she speaks of the boy in language testifying to the depth of her maternal solicitude, and to the conscientious recognition of responsibilities she has accepted, not without profound reflection on the part she thinks she will have to take in his coming life. "My little boy," she writes, "will cost me a sigh at parting; it is a great pleasure to see him gathering strength every day, and, I hope, making a provision of health for years to come." And again: "Twenty-two years and ten months ago, I was just the age my son is now; as his way through life will lie through the high roads of ambition and pleasure, he will hardly pass thus unscathed, but I hope will arrive a better informed traveller than I have, through my little private path. His account will consist of many items; God grant the balance may be right! I would have him think joy is for the pure in heart, and not recklessly sacrifice the smallest portion of his integrity in hope of making large amends by deeds of estimation; but this is the foible of his sex, and a man thinks it no more necessary to be as innocent as a woman than to be as fair. Poor little man, may Heaven protect him! I wish he may be of as contented a spirit as his mother at the same age, and that his cheerfulness may arise not from love of himself, but from being worthy to possess many good and virtuous

friends." Thirty days later, she addresses the following to the Duchess of Portland:

Allerthorp: Sept. 16, 1744.

I am much obliged to my dear friend for her tender concern; I would have wrote you before, but I could not command my thoughts so as to write what might be understood. I am well enough as to health of body, but, God knows, the sickness of the soul is far worse; however, as so many good friends interest themselves for me, I am glad I am not ill. I know it is my duty to be resigned and to submit; many far better than I am have been as unfortunate.

I hope time will bring me comfort; I will assist it with my best endeavours; it is in affliction like mine that reason ought to exert itself, or one must fall beneath the stroke. I apply myself to reading as much as I can, and I find it does me service. Poor Mr. Montagu shows me an example of patience and fortitude, though undoubtedly he feels as much sorrow as I can, for he loved our child as much as a parent could. I am deeply moved by your wishing yourself with so unhappy a companion; your conversation would be a cordial to my spirits, but I should fear being otherwise to yours.

Adieu. Think of me as seldom as you can; and when you do, remember I am patient, and hope that the same Providence which snatched from me this dear blessing may bestow others; if not, I will endeavour to be content if I may not be happy. Heaven preserve you and your dear precious babes; thank God you are far from my misfortune, and can hardly fear to be bereft of all.

I am,

Ever your Grace's most affectionate

E. M.

We do not offer this as an elegantly expressed, or even a well-written literary specimen, but as an indication of the true character of the writer — as the letter of a woman of thought, though only twenty-three, and above all of feeling, and valuable for its very simplicity and naturalness; the total absence, not only of all cant, but of the conventional phrases with which letters are usually filled up at such moments, when it is so difficult to write at all; and the implied evidence of a well-balanced mind. The tone that pervades it is touching in the extreme.

Mrs. Montagu's later correspondence shows her to us always in the admirable light of a woman capable of self-control, and showing the soundness of her sense by her subjugation of a natural propensity to satire.

"Rarer than the Phoenix," says De Quincey, "is the virtuous man who will consent to withhold a prosperous anecdote because it is a lie."

Rarer still, we venture to think, is the

gentle-hearted woman who, worshipped for the readiness of her wit, prefers to forego a brilliant remark because it may wound even an absent acquaintance.

Yet, notwithstanding this creditable forbearance, there is scarcely a letter without zest and point, unless it be those conspicuous for well-digested and tersely-expressed moral reflections.

In one, dated Tunbridge Wells, a very favourite resort of Mrs. Montagu's, and to the salubrity of which place she considered she owed her recovery from a serious illness and ultimate prolongation of life, she gives a most amusing and graphic account of an excursion to the ruins of Tunbridge Castle in company with the author of the *Night Thoughts*.

In 1761 this correspondence ceases with a letter addressed to Mrs. Carter, and giving a lively and interesting description of the "coronation of the young king," George III.

It was in 1775 that Mrs. Montagu lost her husband, and we gather from the correspondence of her friends, at the time, that she mourned him sincerely; but we find no letters of her own of that date to transmit to us the reflections to which so severe a loss must have given rise in a mind like hers.

A few days before his death, namely, on May 8, 1775, Mrs. Chapone writes to Mrs. Delany:

"Poor Mrs. Montagu is in a most distressful situation. Mr. Montagu is in the last stage, but instead of sinking easily, as might have been expected from so long and gradual a decline, he suffers a great struggle, and has a fever attended with deliriums which are most dreadfully affecting to Mrs. Montagu.

"If this sad scene should continue, I tremble for the effects of it on her tender frame; but I think it must very soon have an end, and she will then reconcile herself to a loss so long expected, though I doubt not she will feel it very sincere."

"He is entitled to her highest esteem and gratitude, and, I believe, possesses both."

There is no doubt these sentiments were fully reciprocated by her husband.

He was much older than his wife; but the letters which passed between them suffice to show how truly she was attached to him, how entirely she appreciated his admirable qualities, and how exemplary a wife she proved to him. He, on his part, showed the great affection and esteem he entertained for her by leaving her the sole disposal of his large fortune, with the ex-

ception of a few legacies, the largest of these being 1,000*l.* to his nearest relative, Lord Sandwich.

This nobleman behaved with great generosity and dignity on the opening of the will, at which he was present; for although it had been generally expected that, apart from a life-interest to the widow, he would have inherited his kinsman's property, he was the first to express his satisfaction at this flattering proof of Mr. Montagu's affection for his wife.

Mrs. Delany, writing to the Rev. John Dewer on May 26, 1775, says:

"Mr. Edward Montagu is dead. He has left his widow everything, real and personal estate for ever, only charging it with a legacy of 3,000*l.* If her heart proves as good as her head she may do abundance of good; her possessions are very great."

We do not find any mention made of the ultimate disposal of this noble fortune, nor can we trace out a proportionate amount of charitable deeds for which it served, but we now and then discover unobtrusive facts, such as Mrs. Montagu's generosity to the sweeps, and the ready assistance she afforded to literary persons (among whom was Dr. Beattie) and others when in distress, which lead us to the belief that one so uniformly considerate and thoughtful could not have been unmindful of the necessities of others.

One of the first uses she made of her wealth was to settle on Mrs. Elizabeth Carter one hundred pounds a year; and as with the gift she imposed the express condition that this instance of her liberality should be kept secret, there can be little doubt that she conferred many other benevolent favours which remained unknown.

Forming our opinion of Mrs. Montagu on what she unconsciously reveals to us of herself in her correspondence — in which, by a singular and most refreshing contrast with the letters and autobiography of "Fanny Burney," self is never obtruded — we are irresistibly drawn to her, and involuntarily accord her our admiration and esteem. This impression is confirmed by the perusal of letters addressed to Mrs. Montagu by her intimate female friends, the Duchess of Portland, Mrs. Donellan, Mrs. Delany, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Carter, and many others, and by such men as Gilbert West, Lord Lyttleton, Johnson, Young, &c.

Speaking of Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Pendarves says:

"... Fidget is a most entertaining creature; but as I believe you are better

acquainted with her than I am, I shall not attempt her portrait; she would prove too difficult a task for my pen as well as pencil; for there are some delicate touches that would foil the skill of a much abler artist than I pretend to be." . . .

We have already remarked on the great favour with which Mrs. Montagu regarded Tunbridge Wells, and the strong faith she entertained in the efficacy of its waters. She appears to have visited this place very frequently, and to have greatly enjoyed the society which assembled there. Tunbridge Wells at that time was just coming into vogue as a fashionable watering-place, and soon became, not only the rendezvous of persons of rank and eminence, but the resort of would-be fashionables and pushing *parvenus*, who, following in the wake of good society, hoped to force their way into its precincts by thus surprising it during its unconventional and unguarded *délassements*. This proceeding on their part is frequently animadverted on in Mrs. Montagu's letters, and the observations she makes serve to show how closely the vices and follies of past times resemble those of our own, and that, placed in similar circumstances, human nature proves always the same.

Mention is made in Mrs. Montagu's, as well as in Mrs. Carter's correspondence, of a very pleasant tour through Sussex, accomplished by these two ladies on one of the occasions when they made Tunbridge Wells their head-quarters; but a much more interesting and telling episode was the "Continental journey" planned and performed by Mr. and Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Carter, and the Marquis of Bath, partly for pleasure, partly for the health of the latter, who had been recommended by his physicians to drink the waters of the Spa springs. Dr. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, the learned and well-known detector of literary forgeries, then chaplain to Lord Bath, his intimate friend, was of the party, and they started on this formidable expedition in the summer of the year 1763, just after the signing of the treaty of peace.

"Lord Bath and Mrs. Montagu had their separate suites and establishments, though they travelled together; and when one house was not sufficiently large to contain both families, Mrs. Carter was always with Mrs. Montagu, but they always dined together at the table of Lord Bath. . . .

"They landed at Calais on June 4, 1763, and reached Dover on their return on September 19 of the same year. They went first to Spa, and after a short tour in Ger-

many proceeded down the Rhine to Holland; and thence through Brussels, Ghent, Bruges, and Dunkirk to Calais again."

To ourselves, to whom such a trifling little tour as this represents a summer week's excursion, the recital of the laborious efforts that it occasioned this illustrious party a century ago is rather amusing, and at the same time full of interest; there is moreover, to be found in Mrs. Carter's letters, descriptive of its incidents, a great deal that is eminently suggestive.

While, with the superiority of modern inventions before our eyes, we smile at those obstacles and difficulties of travel which we can readily imagine, but have seldom practically experienced, we cannot but admit that they were attended with compensations which gave to travelling that peculiar charm of adventure now fast disappearing.

The travelling expeditions of well-to-do modern tourists — unless they can summon the courage to face unknown risks, and take the trouble to search out unfrequented tracks — are daily becoming more flat and uninteresting. The progress of private individuals is now like the progress of sovereigns, it is a mere removal from one palace to another, accompanied by all the superfluous luxuries of home, without variety, without novelty, without change. Railway locomotion is everywhere the same; the characteristic, hospitable provincial inn is discarded; hotels are all alike; obsequious waiters and sophisticated chambermaids, all cut out on one pattern, are ready to forestall your cultivated wants, and reply in any language in which you are pleased to address them; the picturesque old nooks and corners disappear, despite their historical associations and æsthetical attractions, to give place to smart priggish-looking rows and terraces and boulevards adapted to the notions of the day; in short, Progress, at once the friend and foe of society, the destroyer and re-creator, the improver and deteriorator, the beautifier and defacer, the bane and antidote, has levelled all things at home and abroad, and while conferring on mankind unspeakable boons, has swept away all the poetry of existence.

It is this, perhaps, that makes us linger over the detail of such letters as these, dated respectively from the localities we have enumerated — all familiar to our readers, but under another aspect. As we read, we sigh for the departed days, of which we can just remember the latest, when the quaint old towns of French and Flemish Flanders were a day's journey

or more apart, albeit the *calèches* we travelled in, reminding us of *Gil Blas* or Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, were worn, disfigured and crazy, the cattle no better than cart-horses, and the tackle connecting them with the vehicle consisted of knotted ropes! What would you have? In 1763 "the Empress-Queen travelled with no other equipage."

We realize the picture called up, as we read that "for the last fifty miles the roads have been bordered with very fine trees, looking like an interminable avenue to an imaginary great house;" but we cannot share Mrs. Carter's admiration for the "prospects on each side," which, with the best will in the world, we never could consider "extremely beautiful," between Lille and Ghent! Still we confess that, without being beautiful, even this was interesting: there was something new in those days in every object one passed; something wholly un-English in the primitive hamlets, the sequestered farm-houses, the roadside smithy, the village inn exhibiting a MS. notice to the effect that *Hier verkoopt men drank*, and intimating by some ingenious signboard that there was lodging for man and beast. In those days we had leisure to study the appearance and demeanour, the habits and customs, of the inhabitants: the female field-labourers; the half-clad children with tanned faces and bleached hair; the swathed infants bound to a coffin-shaped board and hung up within or without the cabin; the dejected horses and lean kine; the meditative cats and flattened pigs; the simple village church; the garlanded cemetery; the antique draw-well; in short, the harvest of new ideas we were wont to cull as we jogged along in those days of leisurely travelling would be endless. Then there was a pleasure in reaching our journey's end wholesomely tired and ready to be satisfied with food and accommodation every item of which came to us with the refreshing charm of novelty. Alas! what has railway travelling, what have the levelling facilities of intercommunication given us in exchange for all this? Mrs. Carter and her companions describe their accidents and adventures in the true spirit of travellers, illustrating Seneca's assertion —

. . . Quod fuit durum pati  
Meminisse dulce est.

Their "equipages consisted of a coach, a *vis-à-vis*, a post-chaise, and a *chasse-marine*, with ten or twelve outriders!" O ye gods and little fishes! What a cavalcade wherewith to enter a small old Flemish city, re-

posing beneath the shadow of its mediæval traditions, and made up of

. . . many a street  
Whence busy life hath fled,  
Where without hurry noiseless feet  
The grass-grown pavement tread.

"When about eighteen miles out of the town, my Lord Bath's coach lost one of its hind wheels, and it was above two hours before it could be repaired: after this the road became so rugged that we could only move slowly, and there was little hope of arriving here by daylight, which was much to be wished in this *lawless, undisciplined country*!"

It appears that the rate of travelling on which they reckoned was sixty miles in fourteen hours, so that they left Brussels at six A.M. in order to reach Liège for a late supper. But later on they "set out from Liège before nine in the morning, and did not reach Spa till six in the evening, a distance of one-and-twenty miles, and such a road as I never passed before, and never desire to pass again after I have returned by it; it is a wild region of precipices, and there are *hills to which Clifton is a mere plaything*." . . . "At the foot of a beautifully romantic hill, a mile from Spa, is a *river about which our people were a little uneasy, as it is sometimes impassable*; but it proved to be nothing at all. All our carriages held out very well, except the *chasse-marine*, which was overturned; . . . nobody, however, was hurt, though it contained a gun which was *deeply loaded*, and broke to pieces by the overthrow; this, however, did not go off!" There is a pardonable tendency (indicative of the state of the times) to indulge in the marvels of travellers' tales throughout these letters, as our readers will perceive; *hers* probably did not. "At length," she writes (June 17, 1763), "I have the pleasure of acquainting you, that after ten days' journeying our travels are finished, and we are arrived, thank God! safe and well at Spa: . . . the roads are very rough, but the prospect on all sides is in the *highest style of savage beauty*!"

Throughout this correspondence we are forcibly struck by the common-place nature of Mrs. Carter's observations, as well as of her style, and more particularly by the disappointing narrowness of her ideas; we are continually surprised at the disagreeable flippancy she displays, and her apparently unconscious self-confidence in treating of matters of which she is obviously ignorant; this would be amusing in a boarding-school miss, but we do not look

for it from a mind matured by study and experience of the world.

Mrs. Carter was unquestionably a learned woman: so apt a scholar was she, that—albeit disdaining the intricacies of the Greek grammar—two years' assiduous labour sufficed to make her a Grecian of note; but, alas! all this time her knowledge of men and things seems to have suffered woefully from her classical pre-occupations; and we consequently find her complacently making the most erroneous statements, and forming the most superficial judgments. As we read on, we feel that, if Mrs. Carter ought to have been, she certainly was not in advance of her age.

Few women, probably, could have produced her translation of Epictetus—*à tout seigneur tout honneur*—at the same time, *any* man, woman, or child could have written her letters. Interesting they unquestionably are for the pictures they give us of the times, the persons and places they introduce; but not one broad sentiment, not one original or independent observation, not one instructive or thoughtful suggestion, do they contain. In this respect how widely different, how vastly superior, do we find Mrs. Montagu; Johnson's tersely expressed appreciation of her is fairly earned; her letters, like "her conversation," are "always impregnated."

To return to Mrs. Carter's account of their foreign tour.

"We all dined on Sunday at twelve o'clock," she says, "with the Prince-Bishop of Augsburg. The company were Lord Bath, Mr. and Mrs. Montagu and the rest of our party, Lord and Lady Robert Bertie, a Russian ambassador, and some others. His highness," she approvingly proceeds, "is extremely *well-bred* and obliging, and looks like a very *quiet, good kind of man*, but had nothing of an episcopal appearance in his dress."

There would be much to say about Mrs. Carter's style, which is certainly not elegant, or even scholarly, but it is comprehensible; we therefore pass on.

"He was in a blossom-coloured coat, with an embroidered star on his breast, and a diamond cross, but (!) his behaviour is extremely proper." . . .

Mrs. Carter seems to imagine that a foreign Catholic prince-bishop must necessarily be an ogre. We recall the valued honour we once enjoyed of dining with the Prince-Primate of Hungary in his picturesque old palace at Gran, and never remember to have been in more agreeable,

more learned, or more polished society, and yet it did *not* surprise us in the least.

. . . "And it seems," continues Mrs. Carter, "as soon as his guests are withdrawn, he always reads prayers by himself."

Doubtless the good prelate availed himself of the opportunity to say his office.

"His highness," it appears, "kept open house during his stay at Spa, and invited all the visitors to his table." They were all apparently of the upper ranks, though of various nationalities, and among them princes of the blood and ambassadors, who thus dined with him in turn, so that Mr. and Mrs. Montagu and their party including Mrs. Carter, were frequent guests at his princely board.

Mrs. Carter recognizes the liberality and hospitality of this proceeding, but she does not seem to have been in any way exempt from the narrow prejudices and limited views of her untravelled generation: she carried abroad, made no attempt to investigate or throw off while away, and brought back with her intact, such popular notions of Continental customs as then prevailed among her countrymen.

Speaking of the venerable and benevolent entertainer, she says:

"I do not know whether his talents be of the most shining kind, like his diamonds; but there is so much good nature, and such a *perfect decorum* in his whole behaviour, as renders him a very respectable character: in his religion, *such as it is*, I believe him perfectly sincere."

On one occasion, when she had sauntered into a cathedral, she hustled out again, from "an apprehension that, as far as the *guide* could be understood, there was going to be an elevation of the Hostia."

Yet she admits, speaking of the interior of another church, that "it was very fine, and the dim religious light added to the solemnity of the building;" and that "the meeting, at several parts of the church, with people singly praying, with every appearance of seriousness and devotion, was inexpressibly striking and affecting. Nothing," she continues, "could have prevented me from falling down on my knees, but the dread of appearing to worship printing and sculpture."

She remarks rightly on the little inconsiderable town of Jülich, formerly the halting place between Aix and Cologne:

"I believe it is well fortified; but such a poor, dirty, insignificant little place, that nothing but the sagacity of ambition could



have discovered it was worth contending for."

Our own experience of this place, four-score years later, does not enable us to record much progress in the civilization of its inhabitants. It was in the year 1839 that travelling in a private *calèche*, we halted at Jülich to change horses. The inn at which we alighted was more abject and repulsive than any roadside *fonda* in the Peninsula, and when the landlady came for orders as to what she should provide for us, we almost shuddered at the question. There was only one article of consumption it was possible to reconcile oneself to in such a place; consequently, being a party of four, we ordered a couple of dozen of eggs *à la coque*. The old woman disappeared, and was so long that it was evident that there must be some "terrible news" looming in the distance; and so, indeed it proved, for when she at last returned, it was to inform us, with a doleful face, that there was not an egg in the place. A large basket had arrived that very morning, but the servant had sat down on the basket and smashed every one! So we went on in a state of starvation. After all, the new methods of travelling have their advantages!

Of the Dutch, Mrs. Carter says: "The people are without movement, either in their limbs or features; and Mrs. Montagu declares she never had a complete idea of what was meant by *stock still* till she came to Holland."

Both Lord Bath and Mrs. Montagu found their health greatly improved by their visit to Spa, and the course of waters they had undergone there; and doubtless the entire change of such a trip contributed its share to the benefits derived.

It was not long after, however, that Mrs. Montagu had to endure the grief of losing her old and valued friend, the Marquis of Bath, a loss she felt very deeply; for Mrs. Montagu was warm in her friendships, and had been on intimate terms with this venerable nobleman who shared many of her tastes.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A  
PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER  
OF HETH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ALONG THE GRETA.

"You stood before me like a thought,  
A dream remembered in a dream.  
But when those meek eyes first did seem  
To tell me, Love within you wrought —  
O Greta, dear domestic stream!  
Has not, since then, Love's prompture deep,  
Has not Love's whisper evermore,  
Been ceaseless as thy gentle roar?  
Sole voice, when other voices sleep,  
Dear under-song in Clamor's hour."

"Now, Bell," says Tita, "I am going to ask you a serious question."

"Yes, mamma," says the girl, dutifully.  
"Where is the North Country?"

Goodness gracious! This was a pretty topic to start as we sat idly by the shores of Derwentwater, and watched the great white clouds move lazily over the mountain peaks beyond. For did it not involve some haphazard remark of Bell's, which would instantly plunge the Lieutenant into the history of Strathclyde, so as to prove, in defiance of the first principles of logic and the Ten Commandments, that the girl was altogether right? Bell solved the difficulty in a novel fashion. She merely repeated in a low and careless voice, some lines from the chief favourite of all her songs —

"While sadly I roam, I regret my dear home,  
Where lads and young lasses are making the  
hay,  
The merry bells ring, and the birds sweetly  
sing,  
And maidens and meadows are pleasant and  
gay:  
Oh! the oak and the ash, and the bonny ivy-  
tree,  
They grow so green in the North Countree!"

"But where is it?" says Tita. "You are always looking to the North and never getting there. Down in Oxford, you were all anxiety to get up to Wales. Once in Wales, you hurried us on to Westmoreland. Now you are in Westmoreland, you are still hankering after the North, and I want to know where you mean to stop? At Carlisle? Or Edinburgh? Or John o'Groat's?"

The little woman was becoming quite eloquent in her quiet and playful fashion, as she sat there with Bell's hand in hers. The girl looked rather embarrassed; and so, of course, the Lieutenant, always on

the look-out for such a chance, must needs whip up his heavy artillery and open fire on Bell's opponent.

"No, Madame," he says, "why should you fix down that beautiful country to any place? Is it not better to have the dream always before you? You are too practical —"

Too practical! — this from an impertinent young Uhlan to a gentle lady whose eyes are full of wistful visions and fancies from the morning to the night!

"— It is better that you have it like the El Dorado that the old travellers went to seek — always in front of them, but never just in sight. Mademoiselle is quite right not to put down her beautiful country in the map."

"Count von Rosen," says my Lady, with some show of petulance, "you are always proving Bell to be in the right. You never help me; and you know I never get any assistance from the quarter whence it ought to come. Now, if I were to say that I belonged to the North Country, you would never think of bringing all sorts of historical arguments to prove that I did."

"Madame," says the young man, with great modesty, "the reason is that you never need any such arguments, for you are always in the right at the first."

Here Bell laughs in a very malicious manner; for was not the retort provoked? My Lady asks the girl to watch the creeping of a shadow over the summit of Glaramara, as if that had anything to do with the history of Deira.

Well, the women owed us some explanation; for between them they had resolved upon our setting out for Penrith that afternoon. All the excursions we had planned in this beautiful neighbourhood had to be abandoned, and for no ostensible reason whatever. That there must be some occult reason, however, for this odd resolve was quite certain; and the Lieutenant and myself were left to fit such keys to the mystery as we might think proper.

Was it really, then, this odd longing of Bell's to go northward, or was it not rather a secret consciousness that Arthur would cease to accompany us at Carlisle? The young man had remained behind at the hotel that morning. He had important letters to write, he said. A telegram had arrived for him while we were at breakfast; and he had remarked, in a careless way, that it was from Mr. Tatham, Katty's father. Perhaps it was. There is no saying what a reckless young fellow may not goad an elderly gentleman into doing; but if this

message, as we were given to understand, had really something to do with Arthur's relations toward Katty, it was certainly an odd matter to arrange by telegraph.

As for the Lieutenant, he appeared to treat the whole affair with a cool indifference which was probably assumed. In private conversation he informed me that what Arthur might do in the way of marrying Miss Tatham or anybody else was of no consequence whatever to him.

"Mademoiselle will tell me my fate — that is enough," he said. "You think that I am careless, — yes? It is not so, except I am convinced your friend from Twickenham has nothing to do with it. No, he will not marry Mademoiselle — that is so clear that anyone can see it — but he may induce her, frighten her, complain of her, so that she will not marry me. Good. If it is so, I will know who has served me that way."

"You needn't look as if you meant to eat up the whole family," I say to him.

"And more," he continued, with even greater fierceness, "it has come to be too much, this. He shall not go beyond Carlisle with us. I will not allow Mademoiselle to be persecuted. You will say I have no right — that it is no business of mine —"

"That is precisely what I do say. Leave the girl to manage her own affairs. If she wishes Arthur to go, she can do it with a word. Do you think there is no method of giving a young man his *congé* but by breaking his neck?"

"Oh, you think, then, that Mademoiselle wishes him to remain near her?"

A sudden cold reserve had fallen over the young fellow's manner. He stood there for a moment as if he calmly expected to hear the worst and was ready to pack up his traps and betake himself to the South.

"I tell you again," I say, "that I think nothing about it, and know nothing about it. But as for the decree of Providence which ordained that young people in love should become the pest and torture of their friends, of all the inscrutable, unjust, perplexing, and monstrous facts of life, this is about the worst. I will take a cigar from you, if you please."

"That is all you care for — yes — a cigar," says the young man, peevishly. "If the phaeton were to be smashed to pieces this afternoon — a cigar. If Mademoiselle were to go and marry this wretched fellow — again, a cigar. I do not think that you care more for anything around you than the seal which comes up and shakes hands

with his keeper in the Zoological Gardens."

"Got a light?"

"And yet I think it is possible you will get a surprise very soon. Yes! and will not be so indifferent. After Carlisle —"

"After Carlisle you come to Greta Green. But if you propose to run away with Bell, don't take my horses — they are not used to hard work."

"Run away! You do talk as if Made-moiselle were willing to run away with anybody. No, it is quite another thing."

And here the Lieutenant, getting into the morose state — which always follows the fierceness of a lover — begins to pull about the shawls and pack them up.

Nevertheless, the eighteen miles between Keswick and Penrith proved one of the pleasantest drives of our journey. There was not much driving, it is true. We started at mid-day, and, having something like five or six hours in which to get over this stretch of mountain and moorland road, we spent most of the time in walking, even Tita descending from her usual post to wander along the hedgerows and look down into the valley of the Greta. As the white road rose gradually from the plains of the lakes, taking us along the slopes of the mighty Saddleback, the view of the beautiful country behind us grew more extended and lovely. The clear silver day showed us the vast array of mountains in the palest of hues; and as white clouds floated over the hills and the gleaming surface of Derwentwater, even the shadows seemed pale and luminous. There was no mist, but a bewildering glare of light, that seemed at once to transpose and blend the clouds, the sky, the hills, and the lake. There was plenty of motion in the picture, too, for there was a south wind blowing light shadows of grey across the silver whiteness; but there was no lowering mass of vapour lying up at the horizon, and all our evil anticipations of the previous day remained unfulfilled.

What a picturesque glen is that over which the great mass of Saddleback towers! We could hear the Greta rushing down the chasm through a world of light-green foliage; and sometimes we got a glimpse of the stream itself — a rich brown, with dashes of white foam. Then you cross the river where it is joined by St. John's Beck; and as you slowly climb the side of Saddleback, the Greta becomes the Glenderamackin, and by and by you lose it altogether as it strikes off to the north. But there are plenty of streams about. Each gorge and valley has its

beck; and you can hear the splashing of the water where there is nothing visible but masses of young trees lying warm and green in the sunshine.

And as for the wild flowers that grow here in a wonderful luxuriance of form and colour, who can describe them? The Lieutenant was growing quite learned in English wild blossoms. He could tell the difference between Herb Robert and Ragged Robin, was not to be deceived into believing the rock-rose a butter-cup, and had become profound in the study of the various speedwells. But he was a late scholar. Arthur had been under Bell's tuition years before. He knew all the flowers she liked best; he could pick them out at a distance without going through the trouble of laboriously comparing them, as our poor Lieutenant had to do. You should have seen these two young men — with black rage in their hearts — engaged in the idyllic pastime of culling pretty blossoms for a fair maiden. Bell treated them both with a simple indifference that was begotten chiefly by the very definite interest she had in their pursuit. She was really thinking a good deal more of her tangled and picturesque bouquet than of the intentions of the young men in bringing the flowers to her. She was speedily to be recalled from her dream.

At a certain portion of the way we came upon a lot of forget-me-nots, that were growing amid the roadside grass, meaning no harm. The pale turquoise blue of the flowers was looking up to the silver-white fleece of the sky, just as if there was some communion between the two that rude human hands had no right to break. Arthur made a plunge at them. He pulled up at once some half-dozen stalks and came back with them to Bell.

"Here," he said, with a strange sort of smile, "are some forget-me-nots for you. They are supposed to be typical of woman's constancy, are they not? — for they keep fresh about half-a-dozen hours."

Bell received the flowers without a trace of surprise or vexation in her manner; and then, with the most admirable self-possession, she turned to the Lieutenant, separated one of the flowers from the lot, and said, with a great gentleness and calmness, —

"Count Von Rosen, do you care to have one of these? You have very pretty songs about the forget-me-not, in German."

I believe that young fellow did not know whether he was dead or alive at the moment when the girl addressed him thus

For a single second a flash of surprise and bewilderment appeared in his face, and then he took the flower from her and said, looking down as if he did not wish any of us to see his face, —

"Mademoiselle, thank you."

But almost directly afterwards he had recovered himself. With an air as if nothing had happened, he pulled out his pocket-book, most carefully and tenderly put the flower in it, and closed it again. Arthur, with his face as hot as fire, had begun to talk to Tita about Threlkeld Hall.

It was a pretty little scene to be enacted on this bright morning, on a grassy wayside in Cumberland, with all the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland for a blue and silvery background. But, after all, of what importance was it? A girl may hand her companion of the moment a flower without any deadly intent? How was anyone to tell, indeed, that she had so turned to the Lieutenant as a retort to Arthur's not very courteous remark? There was no appearance of vexation in her manner. On the contrary, she turned and gave Von Rosen this paltry little forget-me-not and made a remark about German songs, just as she might have done at home in Surrey to any of the young fellows who come dawdling about the house, wondering why such a pretty girl should not betray a preference for somebody. Even as a punishment for Arthur's piece of impudence, it might not have any but the most transitory significance. Bell is quick to feel any remark of the kind; and it is just possible that at the moment she may have been stung into executing this pretty and pastoral deed of vengeance.

But the Lieutenant, at all events, was persuaded that something of mighty import had just occurred on the picturesque banks of this Cumberland stream. He hung about Bell for some time, but seemed afraid to address her, and had ceased to offer her flowers. He was permitted to bring her a sunshade, however, and that pleased him greatly. And thereafter he went up to the horses, and walked by their heads, and addressed them in very kindly and soothing language, just as if they had done him some great service.

Arthur came back to us.

"It looks rather ridiculous," he said, abruptly, "to see the procession of this horse and dog-cart following your phaeton. Hadn't I better drive on to Penrith?"

"The look of it does not matter here, surely," says Bell. "We have only met two persons since we started, and we

shan't find many people up in this moorland we are coming to."

"Oh, as you please," says the young man, a trifle mollified. "If you don't mind, of course I don't."

Presently he said, with something of an effort, —

"How long is your journey to last altogether?"

"I don't know," I say to him. "We shall be in Edinburgh in two or three days, and our project of driving thither accomplished. But we may spend a week or two in Scotland after that."

"Count von Rosen is very anxious to see something of Scotland," says Bell, with the air of a person conveying information.

I knew why Count von Rosen was so anxious to see something of Scotland — he would have welcomed a journey to the North Pole if only he was sure that Bell was going there too. But Arthur said, somewhat sharply, —

"I am glad I shall escape the duty of dancing attendance on a stranger. I suppose you mean to take him to the Tower and to Madame Tussaud's when you return to London?"

"But won't you come on with us to Edinburgh, Arthur?" says Bell, quite amiably.

"No, thank you," he says; and then, turning to me, "How much does it cost to send a horse and trap from Carlisle to London?"

"From Edinburgh it costs 10*l.* 5*s.*, so you may calculate."

"I suppose I can get a late train tomorrow night for myself?"

"There is one after midnight."

He spoke in a gloomy way, that had nevertheless some affectation of carelessness in it. Bell again expressed her regret that he could not accompany us to Edinburgh; but he did not answer.

We were now about to get into our respective vehicles, for before us lay a long stretch of high moorland road, and we had been merely idling the time away during the last mile or two.

"Won't you get into the dog-cart for a bit, Bell?" says Arthur.

"Oh yes, if you like," says Bell, good-naturedly.

The Lieutenant, knowing nothing of this proposal, was rather astonished when, after having called to him to stop the horses, we came up and Bell was assisted into the dog-cart, Arthur following and taking the reins. The rest of us got into the phaeton; but, of course, Arthur had got the start of us, and went on in front.

"How far on is Gretna Green?" asks my Lady in a low voice.

The Lieutenant scowled, and regarded the two figures in front of us in anything but an amiable mood.

"You do not care much for her safety to entrust her to that stupid boy," he remarks.

"Do you think he will really run away with her?" says Tita.

"Run away!" repeats the Lieutenant, with some scorn; "if he were to try that, or any other foolish thing, do you know what you would see? You would see Mademoiselle take the reins from him, and go where she pleased in spite of him. Do you think that she is controlled by that pitiful fellow?"

Whatever control Bell possessed, there was no doubt at all that Arthur was taking her away from us at a considerable pace. After that stretch of moorland the road got very hilly; and no man who is driving his own horses likes to run them up steep ascents for the mere pleasure of catching a runaway boy and his sweetheart. In the ups and downs of this route we sometimes lost sight of Bell and Arthur altogether. The Lieutenant was so wroth that he dared not speak. Tita grew a trifle anxious, and at last she said,—

"Won't you drive on and overtake these young people? I am sure Arthur is forgetting how hilly the road is."

"I don't. Arthur is driving somebody else's horse, but I can't afford to ill-treat my own in order to stop him."

"I am sure your horses have not been overworked," says the Lieutenant; and at this moment, as we get to the crest of a hill, we find that the two fugitives are on the top of the next incline.

"Hillo! Hei! Heh!"

Two faces turn round. A series of pantomimic gestures now conveys my Lady's wishes, and we see Arthur jump down to the ground, assist Bell to alight, and then she begins to pull some grass for the horse.

When we, also, get to the top of this hill, lo! The wonderful sight that spreads out before us! Along the northern horizon stands a pale line of mountains, and as we look down into the great plain that lies between, the yellow light of the sunset touches a strange sort of mist, so that you would think there lay a broad estuary or a great arm of the sea. We ourselves are in shadow, but all the wide landscape before us is bathed in golden fire and smoke; and up there, ranged along the sky, are the pale hills that stand like phantoms rising out of another world.

Bell comes into the phaeton. We set out again along the hilly road, getting comforted by and by, by the landlord of a wayside inn, who says, "Ay, the road goes pretty mooch doon bank a' t' waay to Penrith, after ye get a mile forrit." Bell cannot tell us whether this is pure Cumbrian, or Cumbrian mixed with Scotch, but the Lieutenant insists that it does not much matter, for "forrit" is very good Frisian. The chances are that we should have suffered another sermon on the German origin of our language, but that signs of a town became visible. We drove in from the country highways in the gathering twilight. There were lights in the streets of Penrith, but the place itself seemed to have shut up and gone to bed. It was but half-past eight; yet nearly every shop was shut, and the inn into which we drove had clearly got over its day's labour. If we had asked for dinner at this hour, the simple folks would probably have laughed at us; so we called it supper, and a very excellent supper it was.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

##### "ADE!"

"Edwin, if right I read my song,  
With slighted passion paced along,  
All in the moony light;  
'Twas near an old enchanted court,  
Where sportive fairies made resort  
To revel out the night."

"I AM SO sorry you can't come further with us than Carlisle," says Queen Titania to Arthur, with a great kindness for the lad shining in her brown eyes.

"Duty calls me back—and pleasure, too," he says, with rather a melancholy smile. "You will receive a message from me, I expect, shortly after I return. Where will letters find you in Scotland?"

This was rather a difficult question to answer; but it took us away from the dangerous subject of Arthur's intentions, about which the less said at that moment the better. The Lieutenant professed a great desire to spend two or three weeks in Scotland; and Bell began to sketch out phantom tours, whisking about from Loch Lubraig to Loch Long, cutting round the Mull of Cantire, and coming back from Oban to the Crinan in a surprising manner.

"And, Mademoiselle," says he, "perhaps to-morrow, when you get into Scotland, you will begin to tell me something of the Scotch songs, if it does not trouble you. I have read some—yes—of Burns's songs, mostly through Freiligrath's trans-



lations, but I have not heard any sung, and I know that you know them all. Oh yes, I liked them very much—they are good, hearty songs, not at all melancholy; and an excellent fellow of that country I met in the war—he was a correspondent for some newspaper and he was at Metz, but he was as much of a soldier as any man of us—he told me there is not any such music as the music of the Scotch songs. That is a very bold thing to say, you know, Mademoiselle; but if you will sing some of them, I will give you my frank opinion."

"Very well," says Mademoiselle, with a gracious smile, "but I think I ought to begin to-day, for there is a great deal of ground to get over."

"So much the better," says he.

"But if you young people," says Queen Tita, "who are all bent on your own pleasure, would let me make a suggestion, I think I can put your musical abilities to a better use. I am going to give a concert as soon as I get home, for the benefit of our Clothing Club; and I want you to undertake, Count von Rosen, to sing for us two or three German songs—Körner's war songs, for example."

"Oh, with great pleasure, Madame, if you will not all laugh at my singing."

Unhappy wretch—another victim! But it was a mercy she asked him only for a few songs, instead of hinting something about a contribution. That was probably to come.

"Bell," says my Lady, "do you think we ought to charge twopence this time?"

On this tremendous financial question Bell declined to express an opinion, beyond suggesting that the people, if they could only be induced to come, would value the concert all the more. A much more practical proposal, however, is placed before this committee, now assembled in Penrith. At each of these charity-concerts in our schoolroom, a chamber is set apart for the display of various viands and an uncommon quantity of champagne, devoted to the use of the performers, their friends, and a few special guests. It is suggested that the expense of this entertainment should not always fall upon one person; there being several householders in the neighbourhood who were much more able to afford such promiscuous banquets.

"I am sure," says my Lady, with some emphasis, "that I know several gentlemen who would be only too eager to come forward and send these refreshments, if they only knew you were making such a fuss about it."

"My dear," I say, humbly, "I wish you would speak to them on this subject."

"I wouldn't demean myself so far," says Tita, "as to ask for wine and biscuits from my neighbours."

"I wish these neighbours wouldn't drink so much of my champagne."

"But it is a charity; why should you grumble?" says the Lieutenant.

"Why? These abandoned ruffians and their wives give five shillings to the charity, and come and eat and drink ten shillings worth of my food and wine. That is why."

"Never mind," says Bell, with her gentle voice; "when Count von Rosen comes to sing we shall have a great audience, and there will be a lot of money taken at the door, and we shall be able to clear all expenses and pay you, too, for the champagne."

"At sevenpence-halfpenny a bottle, I suppose?"

"I did not think you got it so cheap," says Tita, with a pleasing look of innocence; and therewith the young folks began to laugh, as they generally do when she says anything specially impertinent.

Just before starting for Carlisle, we happened to be in the old churchyard of Penrith, looking at the pillars which are supposed to mark the grave of a giant of old, and trying to persuade ourselves that we saw something like Runic carvings on the stones. There came forward to us a strange-looking person, who said suddenly—

"God bless you!"

There was no harm in that, at all events, but presently he began to attach himself to Arthur, and insisted on talking to him; while, whenever the young man seemed inclined to resent this intrusion, the mysterious stranger put in another "God bless you!" so as to disarm criticism. We speedily discovered that this person was a sort of whiskified Old Mortality, who claimed to have cut all manner of tombstones standing around; and to Arthur, whom he specially affected, he continually appealed with "Will that do, eh? I did that—will that do, eh?" The young man was not in a communicative mood, to begin with; but the persecution he now suffered was like to have driven him wild. In vain he moved away: the other followed him. In vain he pretended not to listen: the other did not care. He would probably have expressed his feelings warmly, but for the pious ejaculation which continually came in; and when a man says "God bless you," you can't with decency wish him the reverse.

At length, out of pure compassion, the Lieutenant went over to the man, and said —

"Well, you are a very wicked old gentleman, to have been drinking at this time in the morning."

"God bless you!"

"Thank you. You have given to us your blessing all round: now will you kindly go away?"

"Wouldn't you like to see a bit of my cutting, now, eh?"

"No, I wouldn't; I would like to see you go home and get a sleep, and get up sober."

"God bless you!"

"The same to you. Good-bye" — and behold! Arthur was delivered, and returned, blushing like a girl, to the women, who had been rather afraid of this half-tipsy or half-silly person, and remained at a distance.

You may be sure that when we were about to start from Penrith, the Lieutenant did not forget to leave out Bell's guitar-case. And so soon as we were well away from the town, and bowling along the level road that leads up to Carlisle, the girl put the blue ribbon round her shoulder and began to cast about for a song. Arthur was driving close behind us — occasionally sending on the cob so as to exchange a remark or two with my Lady. The wheels made no great noise, however; and in the silence lying over the shining landscape around us, we heard the clear, full, sweet tones of Bell's voice as well as if she had been singing in a room,

"Behind yon hills where Lugar flows —"

That was the first song that she sung; and it was well the Lieutenant was not a Scotchman, and had never heard the air as it is daily played on the Clyde steamers by wandering fiddlers.

"I don't mean to sing all the songs," says Bell, presently; "I shall only give you a verse or so of each of those I know, so that you may judge of them. Now this is a fighting song;" and with that she sung with fine courage —

"Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!

Here's Kenmure's health in wine!

There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blood,  
Nor yet o' Gordon's line!

Oh, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!

Oh, Kenmure's lads are men!

Their hearts and swords are metal true,

And that their foes shall ken!"

How was it that she always sang these wild, rebellious, Jacobite songs with so

great an accession of spirit? Never in our southern home had she seemed to care anything about them. There, the only Scotch songs she used to sing for us were the plaintive laments of unhappy lovers, and such-like things; whereas now she was all for blood and slaughter, for the gathering of the clans, and the general destruction of law and order. I don't believe she knew who Kenmure was. As for the Braes o' Mar, and Callander and Airlie, she had never seen one of these places. And what was this "kane" of which she sang so proudly?"

"Hark the horn!

Up it the morn;

Bonnie lad, come to the march to-morrow!

Down the Glen,

Grant and his men,

They shall pay kane to the King the morn!

Down by Knockhaspie,

Down by Gillespie,

Many a red runt nods the horn;

Waken not Callum,

Rouffy, nor Allan —

They shall pay kane to the King the morn!"

"Why, what a warlike creature you have become, Bell!" says Queen Titania. "Ever since you sang those songs of Maria, with Count von Rosen as the old sergeant, you seem to have forgotten all the pleasant old ballads of melancholy and regret, and taken to nothing but fire and sword. Now, if you were to sing about Logan braes, or Lucy's Flitting, or Annie's Try-st —"

"I am coming to them," says Bell, meekly.

"No, Mademoiselle," interposes the Lieutenant, "please do not sing any more just now. You will sing again, in the afternoon, yes? But at present you will harm your voice to sing too much."

Now she had only sung snatches of three songs. What business had he to interfere, and become her guardian? Yet you should have seen how quickly and naturally she laid aside the guitar as soon as he had spoken, and how she handed it to him to put in the case: my Lady looked hard at her gloves, which she always does when she is inwardly laughing and determined that no smile appear on her face.

It was rather hard upon Arthur that he should be banished into that solitary trap, but he rejoined us when we stopped at High Hesket to bait the horses, and have a snack of something for lunch. What a picture of desolation is the White Ox of this village! Once upon a time this broad road formed part of the great highway leading towards the north; and here the

coaches stopped for the last time before driving into Carlisle. It is a large hostelry; but it had such an appearance of loneliness and desertion about it, that we stopped at the front door (which was shut) to ask whether they could put the horses up. An old lady, dressed in black, and with a worn and sad face, appeared. We could put the horses up, yes. As for luncheon, we could have ham and eggs. The butcher only came to the place twice a week; and as no traveller stopped here now, no butcher's meat was kept on the premises. We went into the great stables; and found an ostler who looked at us with a wonderful astonishment shining in his light blue eyes. Looking at the empty stalls, he said he could remember when forty horses were put up there every day. It was the railway that had done it.

We had our ham and eggs in a large and melancholy parlour, filled with old-fashioned pictures and ornaments. The elderly servant-woman who waited on us told us that a gentleman had stopped at the inn on the Monday night before; but it turned out that he was walking to Carlisle, that he had got afraid of two navvies on the road, and that he therefore had taken a bed here. Before him, no one had stopped at the inn since Whitsuntide. It was all because of them railways.

We hastened away from this doleful and deserted inn, so soon as the horses were rested. They had easy work of it for the remainder of the day's journey. The old coach-road is here remarkably broad, level, and well-made, and we bowled along the solitary highway as many a vehicle had done in bygone years. As we drove into "merry Carlisle," the lamps were lit in the twilight, and numbers of people in the streets. For the convenience of Arthur, we put up at an hotel abutting on the railway station, and then went off to stable the horses elsewhere.

It was rather a melancholy dinner we had in a corner of the great room. The gloom that overspread Arthur's face was too obvious. In vain the Lieutenant talked profoundly to us of the apple-legend of Tell in its various appearances (he had just been cribbing his knowledge from Professor Buchheim's excellent essay), and said he would go with my Lady next morning to see the famous market-place where William of Cloudelee, who afterwards shot the apple from off his son's head, was rescued from justice by two of his fellow outlaws. Tita was far more concerned to see Arthur of somewhat better spirits on this the last night of his being with us.

On our sitting down to dinner, she had said to him, with a pretty smile —

"King Arthur lives in merry Carlisle,  
And seemly is to see;  
And there with him Queen Guenever,  
That bride so bright of blee."

But was it not an unfortunate quotation, however kindly meant? Queen Guenever sat there — as frank, and gracious, and beautiful as a queen or a bride might be — but not with him. That affair of the little blue flower on the banks of the Greta was still rankling in his mind.

He bore himself bravely, however. He would not have the women remain up to see him away by the 12.45 train. He bade good-bye to both of them without wincing, and looked after Bell for a moment as she left; and then he went away into a large and gloomy smoking-room, and sat down there in silence. The Lieutenant and I went with him. He was not inclined to speak; and at length Von Rosen, apparently to break the horrible spell of the place, said —

"Will they give the horse any corn or water on the journey?"

"I don't think so," said the lad, absently, "but I have telegraphed for a man to be at the station and take the cob into the nearest stables."

And with that he forced himself to talk of some of his adventures by the way, while as yet he was driving by himself; though we could see he was thinking of something very different. At last the train from the north came in. He shook hands with us with a fine indifference; and we saw him bundle himself up in a corner of the carriage, with a cigar in his mouth. There was nothing tragic in his going away; and yet there was not in all England a more wretched creature than the young man who thus started on his lonely night-journey: and I afterwards heard that, up in the railway-hotel at this moment, one tender heart was still beating a little more quickly at the thought of his going, and two wakeful eyes were full of unconscious tears.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### OVER THE BORDER.

"And here awhile the Muse,  
High hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,  
Sees Caledonia in romantic view:  
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,  
Invested with a keen, diffusive sky,  
Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge  
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand  
Planted of old; her azure lakes between

Poured out expensive, and of watery wealth  
Full; winding, deep, and green, her fertile vales:  
With many a cool translucent brimming flood  
Washed lovely from the Tweed (pure parent  
stream

Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,  
With sylvan Gled, thy tributary brook.)"

THAT next morning in Carlisle — as we walked about the red old city that is set amid beautiful green meadows interlaced with streams — there was something about Queen Titania's manner that I could not understand. She arrogated to herself a certain importance. She treated ordinary topics of talk with disdain. She had evidently become possessed of a great secret. Now everyone knows that the best way to discover a secret is to let the owner of it alone; if it is of great importance, she is sure to tell it you, and if it is of no importance, your ignorance of it won't hurt you.

We were up in that fine old castle, leaning on the parapets of red sandstone and gazing away up to the north, where a line of Scotch hills lay on the horizon. That is a pretty landscape that lies around Carlisle Castle — the bright and grassy meadows through which the Eden winds, the woods and heights of the country beyond, the far stretches of sand at the mouth of the Solway, and the blue line of hills telling of the wilder regions of Scotland.

In the courtyard below us we can see the Lieutenant instructing Bell in the art of fortification. My Lady looks at them for a moment, and says —

"Bell is near her North country at last."

There is at all events nothing very startling in that disclosure. She pauses for a moment or two, and is apparently regarding with wistful eyes the brilliant landscape around, across which dashes of shadow are slowly moving from the west. Then she adds —

"I suppose you are rather puzzled to account for Arthur's coming up to see us this last time."

"I never try to account for the insane actions of young people in love."

"That is your own experience, I suppose?" she says, daintily.

"Precisely so — of you. But what is this about Arthur?"

"Don't you really think it looks absurd — his having come to join us a second time for no apparent purpose whatever?"

"Proceed."

"Oh," she says, with some little *hauteur*, "I am not anxious to tell you anything."

"But I am dying to hear. Have you

not marked my impatience ever since we set out this morning?"

"No, I haven't. But I will tell you all the same, if you promise to say not a word of it to Count von Rosen."

"I? Say anything to the Lieutenant? The man who would betray the confidences of his wife — except when it suited his own purpose — But what have you got to say about Arthur?"

"Only this — that his coming to see us was not so aimless as it might appear. Yesterday he asked Bell definitely if she would marry him."

She smiles — with an air of pride. She knows she has produced a sensation.

"Would you like to know where? In that old inn at High Hesket — where they seem to have been left alone for a minute or two. And Bell told him frankly that she could not marry him."

Think of it! In that deserted old inn, with its forsaken chambers and empty stalls, and occasional visits from a wandering butcher, a tragedy had been enacted so quietly that none of us had known. If folks were always to transact the most important business of their lives in this quiet, undramatic, unobserved way, whence would come all the materials for our pictures, and plays and books? These young people, so far as we knew, had never struck an attitude, nor uttered an exclamation; for, now that one had time to remember, on our entering into the parlour where Bell and Arthur had been left, she was quietly looking out of the window, and he came forward to ask how many miles it was to Carlisle. They got into the vehicles outside as if nothing had happened. They chatted as usual on the road into Carlisle. Nay, at dinner, how did those young hypocrites manage to make believe that they were on their old footing, so as to deceive us all?

"My dear," I say to her, "we have been robbed of a scene."

"I am glad there was no scene. There is more likely to be a scene when Arthur goes back and tells Dr. Ashburton that he means to marry Katty Tatham. He is sure to do that; and you know the Doctor was very much in favour of Arthur's marrying Bell."

"Well, now, I suppose, all that is wanted for the completion of your diabolical project is that Bell should marry that young Prussian down there — who will be arrested in a minute or two if he does not drop his inquiries."

Tita looks up with a stare of well-affected surprise.

"That is quite another matter, I assure you. You may be quite certain that Bell did not refuse Count von Rosen before without some very good reason; and the mere fact of Arthur's going away does not pledge her a bit. No—quite the contrary. He would be very foolish if he asked her at this moment to become his wife. She is very sorry about Arthur, and so am I; but I confess that when I learned his case was hopeless, and that I could do nothing to help him, I was greatly relieved. But don't breathe a word of what I have told you to Count von Rosen—Bell would never forgive me if it were to reach his ears. But oh!" says Queen Tita, almost clapping her hands, while a bright light beams over her face, "I *should* like to see those two married. I am sure they are so fond of each other. Can you doubt it, if you look at them for a moment or two—"

But they had disappeared from the courtyard below. Almost at the same moment that she uttered these words, she instinctively turned, and lo! there were Bell and her companion advancing to join us. The poor little woman blushed dreadfully in spite of all her assumption of gracious self-possession; but it was apparent that the young folks had not overheard, and no harm was done.

At length we started for Gretna. There might have been some obvious jokes going upon this subject, had not some recollection of Arthur interfered. Was it because of his departure, also, that the Lieutenant forbore to press Bell for the Scotch songs that she had promised him? Or was it not rather that the brightness and freshness of this rare forenoon were in themselves sufficient exhilaration? We drove down by the green meadows, and over the Eden bridge. We clambered up the hill opposite, and drove past the suburban villas there. We had got so much accustomed to sweet perfumes floating to us from the hedgerows and the fields, that we at first did not perceive that certain specially pleasant odours were the product of some large nurseries close by. Then we got out to that "shedding" of the roads, which marks the junction of the highways coming down from Glasgow and Edinburgh; and here we chose the former, which would take us through Gretna and Moffat, leaving us to strike eastward towards Edinburgh afterwards.

The old mail-coach road to the north is quite deserted now, but it is a pleasant road for all that, well-made and smooth, with tracts of grass along each side, and tall and profuse hedges that only partially

hide from view the dusky northern landscape with its blue line of hills beyond. Mile after mile, however, we did not meet a single creature on this deserted highway; and when at length we reached a solitary turnpike, the woman in charge thereof regarded us with a look of surprise, as if we were a party of runaways who had blundered into the notion that Gretna-green marriages were still possible.

The Lieutenant, who was driving, got talking with the woman about these marriages, and the incidents that must have occurred at this very turnpike, and of the stories in the neighbourhood about that picturesque and gay old time. She—with her eyes still looking towards our Bell, as if she suspected that the young man had quite an exceptional interest in talking of marriages—told us some of her own reminiscences with a great deal of good humour; but it is sad to think that these anecdotes were chiefly of quarrels and separations—some of them occurring before the happy pair had crossed the first bridge on their homeward route. Whether these stories were not edifying, or whether a great bank of clouds, coming up from the north against the wind, looked very ominous, Bell besought her companion to drive on; and so on we went.

It was a lonely place in which to be caught by a thunderstorm. We came to the river Esk, and found its shallow waters flowing down a broad and shingly channel, leaving long islands of sand between. There was not a house in sight—only the marshy meadows, the river-beds, and the low flats of sand stretching out to the Solway Frith. Scotland was evidently bent on giving us a wet welcome. From the hills in the north those black masses of vapour came crowding up, and a strange silence fell over the land. Then a faint glimmer of red appeared somewhere; and a low noise was heard. Presently, a long, narrow streak of forked lightning went darting across the black background there, was a smart roll of thunder, and then all around us the first clustering of heavy rain was heard among the leaves. We had the hood put up hastily. Bell and Tita were speedily swathed in shawls and water-proofs; and the Lieutenant sent the horses on at a good pace, hoping to reach Gretna Green before we should be washed into the Solway. Then began the wild play of the elements. On all sides of us the bewildering glare of steel-blue seemed to flash about, and the horses, terrified by the terrific peals of thunder, went plunging on through the torrents of rain.



"Mademoiselle," cried the Lieutenant, with the water streaming over his face, and down his great beard, "your Westmoreland rain, — it was nothing to this."

Bell sat mute and patient, with her face down to escape the blinding torrents. Perhaps, had we crossed the Border in beautiful weather, she would have got down from the phaeton, and pulled some pretty flower to take away with her as a memento; but now we could see nothing, hear nothing, think of nothing, but the crashes of the thunder, the persistent waterfall, and those sudden glares that from time to time robbed us of our eyesight for several seconds. Some little time before reaching the river Sark, which is here the boundary-line between the two countries, we passed a small wayside inn; but we did not think of stopping there, when Gretna promised to afford us more certain shelter. We drove on and over the Sark. We pulled up for a moment at the famous toll-house.

"We are over the Border!" cried Bell, as we drove on again; but what of Scotland could she see in this wild storm of rain?

Surely no runaway lover was ever more glad to see that small church perched up on a hillock among trees than we were when we came in sight of Gretna. But where was the inn? There were a few cottages by the wayside, and there was one woman who kindly came out to look at us. No sooner had the Lieutenant heard that there was no inn in the place, than, without a word — but with an awful look of determination on his face — he turned the horses clean round and set off at a gallop down the road to the Sark.

"Perhaps they can't take us in at that small place," said my Lady.

"They must take us in," said he, between his teeth; and with that we found ourselves in England again.

He drove us up to the front of the square building. With his whip-hand he dashed away the rain from his eyes and moustache, and called aloud. Lo! what strange vision was that which appeared to us, in this lonely place, in the middle of the storm? Through the mist of the rain we beheld the door-way of the inn suddenly becoming the frame of a beautiful picture; and the picture was that of a fair-haired and graceful creature of eighteen, in a costume of pearly grey touched here and there with lines of blue, who regarded us with a winning expression of wonder and pity in her large and innocent eyes. Her appearance there seemed like a glimmer of

sunlight shining through the rain; and a second or two elapsed before the Lieutenant could collect himself so far as to ask whether this angel of deliverance could not shelter us from the rude violence of the storm.

"We have no ostler," says the young lady, in a timid way.

"Have you any stables?" says the young man.

"Yes, we have stables — shall I show them to you?"

"No — no!" he cries, quite vehemently. "Don't you come out into the rain — not at all! I will find them out very well myself; but you must take in the ladies here, and get them dry."

And when we had consigned Bell and Tita to the care of the young lady, who received them with a look of much friendliness and concern in her pretty face, we went off and sought out the stables.

"Now, look here, my good friend," says von Rosen, "we are both wet. The horses have to be groomed — that is very good work to dry one person; and so you go into the house, and change your clothes, and I will see after the horses, yes?"

"My young friend, it is no use your being very complaisant to me," I observe to him. "I don't mean to intercede with Bell for you."

"Would you intercede with that beautiful young lady of the inn for me? Well, now, that is a devil of a language, yours. How am I to address a girl who is a stranger to me, and to whom I wish to be respectful? I cannot call her Mademoiselle, which is only a nickname that Mademoiselle used to have in Bonn, as you know. You tell me I cannot address a young lady as 'Miss,' without mentioning her other name, and I do not know it. Yet I cannot address her with nothing, as if she were a servant. Tell me now — what does an English gentleman say to a young lady whom he may assist at a railway station abroad, and does not know her name? And what, if he does not catch her name, when he is introduced in a house? He cannot say Mademoiselle. He cannot say Fräulein. He cannot say Miss."

"He says nothing at all."

"But that is rudeness — it is awkward to you not to be able to address her."

"Why are you so anxious to know how to talk to this young lady?"

"Because I mean to ask her if it is impossible that she can get a little corn for the horses."

It was tiresome work — that getting the

horses out of the wet harness, and grooming them without the implements of grooming. Moreover, we could find nothing but a handful of hay; and it was fortunate that the nose-bags we had with us still contained a small allowance of oats and beans.

What a comfortable little family-party, however, we made up in the large, warm kitchen! Tita had struck up a great friendship with the gentle and pretty daughter of the house; the old lady, her mother, was busy in having our wraps and rugs hung up to dry before the capacious fire-place; and the servant-maid had begun to cook some chops for us. Bell, too—who might have figured as the elder sister of this flax-haired and frank-eyed creature, who had appeared to us in the storm—was greatly interested in her; and was much pleased to hear her distinctly and proudly claim to be Scotch, although it was her misfortune to live a short distance on the wrong side of the Border. And with that the two girls fell to talking about Scotch and Cumbrian words; but here Bell had a tremendous advantage, and pushed it to such an extreme, that her opponent, with a pretty blush and a laugh, said that she did not know the English young ladies knew so much of Scotch. And when Bell protested that she would not be called English, the girl only stared. You see she never had the benefit of hearing the Lieutenant discourse on the history of Strathclyde.

Well, we had our chops and what not in the parlour of the inn; but it was remarkable how soon the Lieutenant proposed that we should return to the kitchen. He pretended that he was anxious to learn Scotch; and affected a profound surprise that the young lady of the inn should not know the meaning of the word "spurtle." When we went into the kitchen, however, it was to the mamma that he addressed himself chiefly; and behold! she speedily revealed to the young soldier that she was the widow of one of the Greta priests. More than that I don't mean to say. Some of you young fellows who may read this might perhaps like to know the name and the precise whereabouts of the fair wildflower that we found blooming up in these remote solitudes; but neither shall be revealed. If there was any one of us who fell in love with the sweet and gentle face, it was Queen Tita; and I know not what compact about photographs may not have been made between the two women.

Meanwhile the Lieutenant had established himself as a great favourite with

the elderly lady, and by and by she left the kitchen, and came back with a sheet of paper in her hand, which she presented to him. It turned out to be one of the forms of the marriage-certificates used by her husband in former days; and for curiosity's sake, I append it below, suppressing the name of the priest for obvious reasons.

#### KINGDOM OF SCOTLAND,

COUNTY OF DUMFRIES,

Parish of Greta.

THESE ARE TO CERTIFY to all whom these presents shall come, that ——— from the parish of ——— in the County of ——— and ——— from the parish of ——— in the County of ——— being now here present, and having declared themselves single persons, were this day Married after the manner of the Laws of the Church of England, and agreeable to the Laws of Scotland; as Witness our hands, Allison's Bank Toll-house, this ——— day of ——— 18—.

Before ——— { ———

WITNESSES, { ———

"That is a dangerous paper to carry about wi' ye," said the old woman, with a smile.

"Why so?" inquired the Lieutenant.

"Because ye might be tempted to ask a young leddy to sign her name there;" and what should prevent that innocent-eyed girl turning just at this moment to look with a pleased smile at our Bell? The Lieutenant laughed, in an embarrassed way, and said the rugs might as well be taken from before the fire, as they were quite dry now.

I think none of us would have been sorry to have stayed the night in this homely and comfortable little inn, but we wished to get on to Lockerbie, so as to reach Edinburgh in another two days. Moreover, the clouds had broken, and there was a pale glimmer of sunshine appearing over the dark green woods and meadows. We had the horses put into the phaeton again, and with many a friendly word of thanks to the good people who had been so kind to us, we started once more to cross the Border.

"And what do you think of the first Scotch family you have seen?" says Queen Tita to the Lieutenant, as we cross the bridge again.

"Madame," he says quite earnestly, "I did dream for a moment I was in Germany again—everything so friendly and homely, and the young lady not too proud to wait

on you, and help the servant in the cooking; and then, when that is over, to talk to you with good education, and intelligence, and great simpleness and frankness. Oh, that is very good — whether it is Scotch, or German, or any other country — the simple ways, and the friendliness, and the absence of all the fashions and the hypocrisy."

"That young lady was very fashionably dressed, Count von Rosen," says Tita, with a smile.

"That is nothing, Madame. Did she not bring in to us our dinner, just as the daughter of the house in a German country inn would do, as a compliment to you, and not to let the servant come in? Is it debasement, do you think? No. You do respect her for it; and you yourself, Madame, you did speak to her as if she were an old friend of yours — and why not, when you find people like that, honest and good-willing towards you?"

What demon of mischief was it prompted Bell to sing that song as we drove through the darkening woods in this damp twilight? The Lieutenant had just got out her guitar for her when he was led into these fierce statements quoted above. And Bell, with a great gravity, sang —

"Farewell to Glenshalloch, a farewell for ever,  
Farewell to my wee cot that stands by the river;  
The fall is loud-sounding in voices that vary,  
And the echoes surrounding lament with my Mary."

This much may be said, that the name of the young lady of whom they had been was also Mary; and the Lieutenant, divining some profound sarcasm in the song, began to laugh and protest that it was not because the girl was pretty and gentle that he had discovered so much excellence in the customs of Scotch households. Then Bell sang once more — as the sun went down behind the woods, and we heard the streams murmuring in deep valleys by the side of the road —

"Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain would I be,  
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree;  
There's an eye that ever weeps, and a fair face  
will be fain,  
As I pass through Annan water, wi' my bonny bands again!"

We drive into the long village of Ecclefechan, and pause for a moment or two in front of the Bush Inn to let the horses have a draught of water and oatmeal. The Lieutenant, who has descended to look after this prescription, now comes out

from the inn bearing a small tray with some tumblers on it.

"Madame," said he, "here is Scotch whisky — you must all drink it, for the good of the country."

"And of ourselves," says one of us, calling attention to the chill dampness of the night-air.

My Lady pleaded for a bit of sugar, but that was not allowed; and when she had been induced to take about a third of the Lieutenant's preparation, she put down the glass with an air of having done her duty. As for Bell, she drank pretty nearly half the quantity; and the chances are that if the Lieutenant had handed her prussic acid, she would have felt herself bound, as a compliment, to have accepted it.

Darker and darker grew the landscape as we drove through the thick woods. And when, at last, we got into Lockerbie there was scarcely enough light of any sort to show us that the town, like most Scotch country towns and villages, was whitewashed. In the inn at which we stopped, appropriately named the Blue Bell, the Lieutenant once more remarked on the exceeding homeliness and friendliness of the Scotch. The landlord simply adopted us, and gave us advice in a grave, paternal fashion, about what we should have for supper. The waiter who attended us took quite a friendly interest in our trip; and said he would himself go and see that the horses which had accomplished such a feat were being properly looked after. Bell was immensely proud that she could understand one or two phrases that were rather obscure to the rest of the party; and the Lieutenant still further delighted her by declaring that he wished we could travel for months through the friendly land, which reminded him of his own country. Perhaps the inquisitive reader having learned that we drank Scotch whisky at the Bush Inn of Ecclefechan, would like to know what we drank at the Blue Bell of Lockerbie. He may address a letter to Queen Titania on that subject, and he will doubtless receive a perfectly frank answer.

[*Note by Queen Titania.* — "I do not see why our pretty Bell should be made the chief subject of all the foregoing revelations. I will say this, that she and myself were convinced that we never saw two men *more jealous* of each other than those two were in that inn near the Border. The old lady was quite amused by it; but I do not think the girl herself noticed it, for she is a very innocent and gentle young thing,

and has probably had no experience of such absurdities. But I would like to ask who first mentioned that subject of photographs; and who proposed to send her a whole series of engravings; and who offered to send her a volume of German songs. If Arthur had been there, we should have had the laugh all on our side; but now I suppose they will deny that anything of the kind took place—with the ordinary candour of gentlemen who are *found out*.”]

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
ON GARDENING.

SITTING at my open window, this summer morning, and watching one of the steadiest downfalls of rain which we have had all through the season, I think of the disarrangement of certain little plans which I had formed for the day; but I console myself with the reflection that the earth has been very thirsty for some time, and that last night I had been talking of watering my garden. The hay has been gathered in and stacked, in the fields opposite to me, and the corn is not yet ripe for the sickle. So I may be permitted, without selfishness, to think of my garden. There is nothing, perhaps, that so much as gardening reconciles us to all atmospheric conditions. Whatever the weather may be, it is sure to be favourable to some of our possessions. If the sun does not shine to ripen the fruit, the rain falls to revive the flowers and to develop the root-crops. There is something to be thankful for in every change. We do not come to understand this all at once. There are some things, indeed, rather hard to understand; and one of these is the great fact that whether it be fair or whether it be foul, it is all for the best. But if we only wait a little, and possess ourselves in patience, we shall soon come to appreciate the beneficent operations of nature. Inexperience thinks that everything is going wrong, when in reality everything is going right. I took a house and entered on possession in the month of May, with a great expectation of a fine crop of roses. But there was not a bud on any one tree—whereas in the garden of the house I was vacating, every tree and every bush was in full blossom. I made up my mind that I should not see a rose, and had in thought condemned the worn-out trees to speedy extirpation. But although they put in a somewhat late appearance, it was a highly creditable one. A cold spring and late frosts had kept them back, being in a more

exposed position, and they had almost entirely escaped the grub of the earlier season. So it turned out that what I had thought was all against me was all in my favour; and thus I learnt that it is wise always to wait.

There is a great deal more to be learnt from gardening—but I am about to discourse not so much of its lessons as of its delights. And when I speak of gardens, I must not be supposed to refer in any way to those of the grand Baconian type, whereof the great essayist has written with as much fine taste as common sense—“Gardens,” as he says, speaking of those which are, indeed, prince-like, “the contents of which ought not well to be under thirty acres of ground, and to be divided into three parts—a green in the entrance, a heath or desert in the going forth, and the main garden in the midst, besides alleys on both sides.”—such gardens, public or private, as those of Kew, Chatsworth, Stowe, and the like—but to such modest domains as men of slender income may cultivate, and in which they may take a personal interest—nay, even cottage gardens, such as labouring-men tend lovingly before and after the day’s work by which they live.

I have seldom read anything in which I more heartily concurred than in this, which I find in the Introductory Epistle to Cowley’s poem of the *Garden*. It is written “to John Evelyn, Esq.” “I never had any other desire so strong and so like to covetousness as that one, which I have had always, that I might be master at least of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life to the culture of them and the study of nature.” In these days of increasing population and extending cities, it is the necessity—and in some instances, perhaps, the ambition—of men to have large houses and small gardens. How many wealthy people build, purchase, or hire, in the beautiful suburbs of London, spacious mansions, with all modern appliances and conveniences, splendidly decorated, papered and gilded in the most costly fashion, but with scarcely a rood of ground around them. The immense value, for building purposes, of land near London, and, in a lesser degree, of all large and increasing cities and towns, renders this an inevitable condition of suburban residence. You may sometimes see “a small house and large garden” among a number of pretentious, landless villas; but you may be sure that the house, with these blessed conditions, is

the oldest in the place, that it is held under a long lease, and that, so soon as the lease shall fall in, it will be doomed to utter extinction. Half-a-dozen villas, four stories high, will be erected on the two acres of garden-ground. The small partitions thus created will be highly cultivated. There will be a number of pretty parterres, but not "a small house and a large garden" in the place.

Of course, I do not forget that this applies only to dwellers in the neighbourhood of cities. There are those who, "remote from towns," "run their godly" (or godless) "race"—people in the agricultural or bucolic state of existence—and there are our excellent parish priests, who, for the most part, are hearty gardeners. I have seldom seen prettier gardens, or gardens in a better state of cultivation, than those which surround our parsonage-houses. Labour is cheaper in the rural districts, and your parish priest, conscientious though he may be, has leisure time on his hands to superintend, and, if he be in the vigour of his years, to work in, his garden-grounds. "Please, sir, master is working in the garden," used to be, and still is, a common answer to the inquiry whether Mr. Primrose is at home. Perhaps the divine has a stout son or two to aid him, and wife and daughters to do the gentler and more tasteful part of the work. I have seen many a pretty sight of this kind, especially in the "sweet shire of Devon;" and in my younger days I have struck in to help to water the peas or to hoe the potatoes. I have heard men say that they do not care to eat birds which they have killed or fish which they have caught themselves: they despise shooting or angling "for the pot." But gardening for the pot is no such bad thing. If it does nothing else, it gives you an appetite to eat the produce of the soil; and, for my own part, I must confess that I have never found any fruit or vegetables obtained from a neighbouring greengrocer, or bought in Covent Garden, half so enjoyable as those which I have reared and picked myself. I at least have full assurance of the freshness of them.

It is one of the pleasantest signs of the times, that the love of horticulture is so notably increasing amongst us, especially in the middle and lower classes of society. I have heard men lament that the intrusion of the builder has marred the fair face of nature in some of the loveliest parts of the country; and again, that the railway is an enemy to the picturesque. But there is much to be said on the other

side. It is, doubtless, pleasant at times to come upon vast stretches of heath or woodland, without a sign of human habitation. But too much of this becomes wearisome; and one soon rejoices in signs of the living man. There are many places which, as I remember them in my youth, were beautiful wildernesses, but which are now a constant succession of beautiful parterres. I surveyed, as an Addiscombe cadet, the ground on which the Crystal Palace and the vast assemblage of houses, down to the great Norwood Cemetery, now stand. There were woods and gipsies in those days. And to stumble upon a house was an event. There is, perhaps, no place, within an equal distance of London, in which the value of land for building purposes is at the present time so high, in which the gardens are so small, and, it may be said, so poorly cultivated. The one great palatial garden on the hill, which makes even Bacon's idea of a garden a diminutive conception, suffices for all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. Residents in the immediate vicinity say that they have one of the finest gardens in the world open to them, and why should they care about their Lilliputian-plots of ground? It is difficult to answer this, except by saying that one likes to have a rose or cabbage of one's own. But in places more remote from such a regal garden, smaller ones, according to the middle-class standard, are springing up everywhere. In Epping Forest, where I roamed in my earliest youth; about Wandsworth and Wimbledon and Richmond, with which I was familiar, in my "salad age," what changes have I not seen. I have come suddenly upon pretty, flower-girt villas, at well-known turns of the road, the sight of which, I must say, has not been distasteful to me. I need not add that I protest against over-much enclosure. The lungs of London must not be clogged with brick and mortar. But there is plenty of open space yet; and it is not always a painful surprise to come upon a pretty creeper-grown cottage, or "villa" (as we now call the modest homes of our suburban residents) with a blaze of scarlet and yellow flowers about it, standing out from the dark background.\* These well-ordered little gardens commonly show signs of womanly care. Indeed you will rarely pass them without seeing maid or matron at work, with basket and scissors in hand. And there is something more pleasantly

\* "A rural scene to me is never perfect without the addition of some kind of building."—SHEPSTONE: *Unconnected Thoughts on Gardening*.



suggestive in the sight than in dark woods and barren commons.

We owe not only these buildings, but the style of these buildings, to the railroad. The occupants of these pretty flower-girt villas, but for the blessing of our present facility of locomotion, would be living in some long, dingy street in the cheaper quarters of the metropolis. But this is not all that the rail has done for us. It has rubbed off much of our reserve, our exclusiveness, our dislike of being seen by our neighbours. When I was a boy, the care of every man living a little way "out of town," was to encase himself in heavy brick walls, shutting out the road, so that he could neither see nor be seen. Whatever beauty there might be in his garden grounds he kept it scrupulously to himself. He drove himself to town in a "gig," or went, with the same fellow-travellers, in a six-inside coach, and seldom saw any new faces. The very notion of his wife or daughter travelling in a public vehicle would have been an offence and an abomination to him. But now we all travel in public. We ventilate ourselves on the railway platform. We eat and drink gregariously at the railway buffet. We do not care who sees us. And so, when we go to our suburban homes, we are no longer afraid of being seen by the passer-by; and instead of a high brick-wall we have an open iron-railing before our gardens. And thus the beauty of our flowers benefits others than ourselves. And it is no shame for man, maid, or matron to be seen gardening.

"No shame!" Is it not a glory thus to tread in the paths of the common parents of mankind—"the gardener Adam and his wife"—ere sin and sorrow entered the world? It is almost impossible to associate anything low or vile with the thought of flowers.

Flowers are lovely; love is flowerlike,  
Friendship is a sheltering tree;

and though we may not always be right in the supposition that where is a well-cultivated garden there is a well-ordered home, I doubt whether we should be often wrong in the surmise. I look down, twice a day, from the railroad upon the backs of a number of small suburban dwellings, occupied presumably by a better class of artisans, with narrow strips of garden-ground in the rear; and I see that some are bright with flowers, whilst others (I am glad to say the minority) have not a patch of colour in them, but present simply an area of dirt. Among the flowers I

see cleanly, healthy-looking women and children, and at evening-tide the good man happy and robust; but on the bare spaces slatternly women doing nothing, and unwholesome men sulkily smoking their pipes at the door. It would be unreasonable and intolerant to deny that there are many excellent men without any love of gardens or gardening. Dr. Johnson confessed that he "hated to hear about prospects and views, and laying out grounds, and taste in gardening." "Sir, let us take a walk down Fleet Street." He spoke scornfully of poor Sheenstone and the Leasowes—or, rather, of Shenstone for having spent so much time and so much money on the Leasowes; for he admitted that the poet "made his little domain the envy of the great and the admiration of the skilful, a place to be visited by travellers and copied by designers." We can feel no surprise that Johnson was of this mind with respect to gardens and gardening. Indeed, it would have been surprising if it had been otherwise. He liked Mrs. Thrale's tea at Streatham better than Mrs. Thrale's garden.

There is one especial advantage in a taste for horticulture, that

Age cannot wither it, nor custom stale  
Its infinite variety.

As we grow old it commonly happens that the pursuits of our youth lose their charm. We may grow tired of them, or physical infirmity may render us incapable of enjoying them. We cannot play at cricket, we cannot pull an oar on the river, we cannot ride to hounds as we did in our prime. We have reached a stage of "old-fogysm" and whist. But the garden never wearies us. It is a "good old gentlemanly" pursuit; as long as we can see or smell, it must delight us. And it can never do us any harm, physical or moral, unless we allow our love of it to lead us into expenditure beyond our means. And, oh! the good that it does. How it cheers, how it invigorates—nay, how it purifies. Truly has it been written—

In nature there is nothing melancholy.

The mere sight of trees and flowers and lawns acts as a perpetual tonic. It is dreary work to rise in the morning and to see nothing from one's windows but a vast monotony of dingy brown brick. There is nothing, to my mind, in such a sight to lighten one's troubles or to strengthen one for the strifes and struggles of the coming day. It must be admitted, however, that there are those who have thought and have said otherwise. "A man

must have a rare recipe for melancholy who can be dull in Fleet Street," wrote dear, genial, kindly-hearted Charles Lamb. "I am naturally inclined to hypochondria, but in London it vanishes like all other ills." He confessed to an "almost insurmountable aversion from solitude and rural scenes."\* I have such an affection for Elia, that there are few points on which I would not say, *Errare malo cum Corolagno quam cum aliis rectè sentire*. But this is one on which I can express no sympathy. I have no love of absolute solitude, I should like always to have—

A friend in my retreat,  
Whom I can whisper, "Solitude is sweet."

I like to look across my garden, and to see people of all sorts and conditions going about their daily work or their daily pleasure. The labouring man with his scythe, the milkman with his cans, the "sweet girl graduate," with her portfolio under her arm; the rosy, elastic-limbed boy, with his cricket-bat over his shoulder; the stalwart equestrian, taking the crisp morning air before he betakes himself to the serious business of the day; the little family-party bound for the railway, catalogues in hand, to visit the International or the Academy; the mother and child perched on the top of a timber-laden cart, getting a country ride for nothing,—all these have their several charms for me; and I doubt whether I should enjoy the rural delights of my trees, my flowers, and my green lawns, as I now enjoy them, if it were not for this background of humanity. I was born in London; I am a Cockney of Cockneys.†

\* I should like to believe that this was written in a purely dramatic sense (it is in a little sketch headed "The Londoner"), but, although there is obviously some fiction in it (for the writer says that he was born on Lord Mayor's Day, whereas Charles Lamb was born in February), the sentiments expressed are undeniably his own. There is very little mention of rural pleasures in any of his writings; but there is often an unconscious recognition in his metaphors of those floral benedictions which it is given to all more or less to enjoy. For example, he writes of Edward VI. as "the young flower that was untimely cropt as it begun to fill our land with its early odours."

† It is natural that these early metropolitan associations, if not broken by distant peregrinations in after-years, should induce a deeply-rooted love of cities. I believe that there are some whom nothing can reconcile to anything countryfied. My dear friend G—S— told me a charming story of a City warehouseman, who, after long years, was at last induced by his master to take a holiday on Hampstead Heath. Next day, he was asked what he thought of it—whether he had enjoyed himself. He did not think much of it, he said; he couldn't say that he had much enjoyed himself. He thought the houses better than the hills—the pavement better than the gorse. At last, in despair, his master asked him if, at least, he did not like the fresh air,

But I have wandered far afield. I have dwelt in three quarters of the globe; and I have learnt to associate the delights of fields and flowers with moving pictures of humanity. Indeed, I do not know any genuine lover of nature, who is not a genuine lover of humanity; who does not see, in a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed child,—

The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a cottage-door.

I think that there is an undue tendency in these days towards too much uniformity and regularity in gardening. For my own part, I like to see a flower-bed with a variety of colours and forms in it—not a great patch of scarlet, or pink, or yellow, or purple. I am looking out as I write on beds of both fashions, and to my eye the *omnium-gatherum* hap-hazard style is the more picturesque of the two. I am not sure that if I were allowed to have my own way, I should not rather encourage a style of natural wildness. Often the fairest and sweetest things come up by chance. I have, indeed, a sort of partiality for what the gardener calls "weeds." It is not easy, indeed, to determine the exact point at which the domain of "weeds" ends and that of "flowers" commences. My gardener not only calls, but treats as weeds what I regard as very beautiful flowers. Only the other day I arrested him in the process of remorselessly tearing up all the beautiful white convolvuluses that were climbing up a bank and encircling the trunks of trees, with the most graceful festoonery that it is possible to conceive. Nothing of Nature's sowing—nothing not artificially cultivated is held to be deserving of a place in the garden. And yet how beautiful some of these castaways are. "If they are weeds," I said, "I should like to have more such weeds." And I told him that I had seen the most beautiful cactuses growing wild, and hedgerows of flowering aloes. If we could only import a little more of Nature into our gardens, how much more delightful they would be. Something has been done recently in this respect, by the large importation of common ferns into our garden-grounds. People go far afield to seek them in the most uncultivated places, and yet it is not long since they would have been plucked up and thrown away as weeds, because they grow wild. A great deal may be done in the way of development of species with respect to the vegetable world, in the do-

"Well, sir," he answered, "I thought it rather *this*."

mains both of flowers and of fruit. That glorious rose is but a development of the wild briar; that exquisite ripe peach comes from the stock of the wild-almond-tree.

I have heard it said that gardening may be "all well enough in the summer, but where are you when winter comes?" Well, you are in your glass-houses, if you have any,—and there are few cultivators of flowers who have not larger or smaller covered gardens of this kind. Read what good Mr. Hole says about this in his charming *Book about Roses*. He tells us, that to his extreme astonishment, much thinking that he was being hoaxed, he received an invitation, at Easter time to be one of the judges at a working-men's rose-show at Nottingham. He went, and he was charmed. Neither he nor any of his neighbours had a rose in bloom; but there, in the club-room of a public-house, he found a display of roses, cultivated by working-men, that gladdened his heart. "A prettier sight, a more complete surprise of beauty, could not have presented itself, on that cold cloudy morning; and in no royal palace, no museum of rarities, no mart of gems, was there that day in all the world a table so fairly dight." Judgment delivered, he went to see the gardens of the working-men; "tiny allotments, on sunny slopes, separated by hedges or boards, in size about three to a rood." And they had their glass-houses, too! "Houses!" exclaims good Mr. Hole. "Why, a full-sized giant would have taken them up like a hand-glass; and even I, but a small office-boy in connection with that great profession,\* was unable in most of them to stand upright, and into some to enter at all. That bit of glass had been, nevertheless, as much a dream and hope and happiness to its owner as the Crystal Palace to Paxton."

We learn from this that even the humblest gardeners may have their little bits of glass, so that their cultivation of flowers may proceed even in the severest wintry weather. But this is not the only answer to the objection that gardening is "all well enough in the summer," for there is gardening all the year round for those who look understandingly at the matter. I admit that there is often an undue tendency to sacrifice everything to summer

effects. But I do not call this gardening. There is no reason why you should not have a rotation of floral crops. Even those poor Nottingham weavers, as we learn from Mr. Hole, could keep up a succession of delights. "There," he writes, "to cheer the ungenial days of winter, were the Christmas rose, the aconite, the laurestinus, the golden holly, the cheimonanthus fragrans, on its snug bit of southern wall, with the large yellow jasmines near, and the winter violets beneath. There to follow in the spring, the mezerion, the erica, the berberis, the snowdrop, hepatica, polyanthus, crocus, and tulip. After these the lilac, laburnum, ribes, and then the royal rose." If these poor workmen can accomplish such results as are here described, it must be the ignorance of middle-class cultivators alone that can keep them from out-doors gardening "all the year round."

It is, indeed, this frequent change, this never-wearying variety, that is the main charm of the garden. You leave home for a little time, and when you return, lo! everything is changed. New colours, new forms, new perfumes greet you. There are fresh flowers on the stem, fresh fruit on the bough. I know few things more enjoyable than the first walk in your garden after an absence from home. Few men, who are really fond of gardening, ever care to be long away from their household gods. It is, indeed, one of the most salutary effects of a love of gardening that your thoughts seldom turn towards the delights of vagrancy and the charms of strange places. You may go to one of the most charming watering-places in Great Britain, or wander through the most beautiful parts of continental Europe, but still your "thoughts untravelled fondly turn" to the little acre and a half of garden-ground, where your pears are ripening, and your dahlias and asters are coming into bloom. Paterfamilias, however, often sorely against his will, yields to external pressure, and, looking over the barren waste of sand, and stunned by the clangour of brass bands, sighs for the flowers and the singing-birds he has left behind him, and is harassed by painful anxieties respecting the spoliation of his fruit during his absence. I take up, in my desultory way, the current number of *Punch*, and there is a drawing in it of a little girl leaving church with her mother. The lady says, "And now, Ethel, that you have been to church, tell me what part of the service you like best." And the child answers promptly, "This part, mamma, dear,"—

\* Though not bearing upon my subject I cannot resist giving Mr. Hole's note to this word "profession." "One of the first of many delicious stories which it was his privilege to hear Mr. Thackeray tell, was that, once upon a time, he and Mr. Higgins (Jacob Omnium) went to see a giant, and that the man at the door inquired whether they were in the business, because, if so, no charge would be made for admission."

meaning going home again. And there is no part of an outing that the horticultural Paterfamilias likes so well as the going home again, you may be sure.

But although a "little bit of glass" is, doubtless, an immense advantage to gardeners of all degrees, I would not recommend any man to have too much of this commodity. The tendency of an excess of glass is towards luxuriousness and extravagance. If you are wealthy, and can keep a number of garden-servants, you may have some for in-doors and some for out-doors work; but the middle-class gardener will not dig, if he can make any excuse for pottering in the glass-houses. I do not wish to speak ill of hired gardeners as a race. They have many advantages over other classes of servants. They ought to be better than grooms and lacqueys, and I do not say that they are not. They are surrounded by associations elevating and refining, and many of them seem to love their work. But I have observed that they are often obstinate and disobedient. Even these somewhat disagreeable qualities may have a brighter side; for they may spring from professional zeal and inborn consciousness of knowledge. They feel that they know more than their masters, and that their masters have no right to interfere. It has been said that the worst professional is always a greater master of his craft than the best amateur; and this, perhaps, is true in everything except cricketing. But the owner of a garden who pays wages for its cultivation may fairly claim the right of having it cultivated in his own way. He is lucky, however, if he gains his point. The gardener either argues the matter and convinces his master that he is wrong, or else he sullenly assents, and disobeys his orders as soon as the master's back is turned. Again, they are very prone to have their particular hobbies, wherein it must be acknowledged that they do not differ from the rest of mankind. One very common form in which these partialities develop themselves is the cultivation of cucumbers. I have observed this both in England and in Wales. I have known gardeners spend hours and hours of good time, to the neglect of other important duties, on the production of a few specimens of this unwholesome article of consumption, as if the whole duty of man consisted in rearing and eating cucumbers. They will point with exultation to half-a-dozen of these esculents, all in the same state of development, as if they had achieved a triumph, although the potatoes are not hood

and the rose-stems not pruned of their suckers. To protest that you care more for roses than for cucumbers, or that potatoes go further towards the support of a household, is of very little avail in such a case. The gardener commonly gets the best of it.

I have said that after all, however vexatious it may be, there is something good at the bottom of this. Like other genuine aspirants, a gardener wishes to improve himself; and if you have the misfortune to have a large extent of glass-houses, out-doors gardening is tolerably certain to be neglected. I am writing as one of the middle-classes, who can afford nothing more than a permanent gardener, with an occasional help at odd times when work presses, and now and then a weeding-boy. I repeat that noblemen and gentlemen of great estate can have a whole phalanx of gardeners—can have their work done in departments as in a Government office. I do not envy these great people in the least; for I am sure they cannot enjoy their vast domains as much as I enjoy my acre-and-a-half of flowers and vegetables. But the work done in glass-houses with them does not interfere with the out-doors gardening as it does with me. And I would counsel men of slender means never to encumber themselves with too much glass. If they do, justice will never be done to the open-air garden. And to my mind the latter is worth all the rest. For we cannot live in our glass-houses. Indeed, a little of them is more than enough, at such temperature as is often maintained; whilst, whether we are in-doors or out-of-doors, the flowers of the garden may be always before us. We may walk beside them on our gravel-walks, or sit among them on our lawns, or see them from our library-windows—in a word, we can have them always with us.

There is no doubt, I think, that if the flowers were called upon to elect a president, the rose would be at the head of the poll, and that the election would be confirmed by our human communities.\*

\* Mr. Hole may object, and rightly too, perhaps, to this republican notion, for he styles the rose the "Queen of flowers," the "Queen of the garden," and the "Queen of beauty," which are certainly more poetical designations. There is a passage in his chapter with the latter heading, which is so illustrative of the practical view which I am taking of the general question that I cannot refrain from quoting it. "Loved by all grades and ages," he says of the rose, "from the little village child, who wreathes it from the hedge—now in his sister's hair—to the princess who holds it in her *bouquetière*, so it may be alike enjoyed in the labourer's garden or the conservatory of the peer. Wherever it is loved, there will it display its beauty; and the

"Every year," we are told by Mr. Hole, "this enthusiasm increases." And the revered rosarian has given us some wonderful statistics in support of this assertion. It is truly a pleasant thing to think of this enormous increase of the cultivation of roses. If we go on at this rate of progression, England will soon be a great garden of roses. It is a delightful thought. They are, certainly, possessions of which one can never have too many. I am myself all for numbers. I am not able to keep pace with those rosarians who go in for the cultivation of rare and new sorts, and strive to produce single roses of the highest excellence for competition at public shows. I confess that I do not know the names of those that I have, and I do not much care, any further than to ensure a succession of flowering plants for the longest possible period of the year. When "the last rose of summer" is gone, happily the autumn roses come to bless us. Mr. Paul, the great rose-grower of Waltham, tells us that, with the exception of July, he has the best display of roses in September. It is of course an essential point in gardening—whether for beauty or for use—to keep up a constant supply of spring, summer, and autumn plants in natural profusion. Indeed, the rose-culture of the times has advanced to such perfection, that all the old practical traditions are gone, and I doubt whether either Mr. Paul of Waltham, or Mr. Keynes of Salisbury, whose family garden-grounds I was wont to pass twice a day when at school, more than forty years ago, will now acknowledge that the roses of Cashmere are "the brightest the world ever gave."

There is a pleasant result of gardening about which I would say a word or two. It tends to good neighbourly feeling, by facilitating the continual interchange of small kindnesses. It is so easy and so pleasant to give cuttings and seeds, and even grown plants, to one's neighbours—to give them what we have, and to receive from them what we have not. This sort of reciprocity often brings people together who, otherwise, might have lived apart for years. Much, in this way, is done by our gardeners, and we often know not whence our contributions come or whither they go. But it often happens, especially in the case of very near neighbours, whose

holdings are small, and who work a good deal with their own hands, that life-long and valuable friendships spring out of such small beginnings; whilst ready-made friendships are kept alive by such kindly reciprocations. I have sometimes doubted, however, whether those who have the means at their disposal do half enough to distribute their flowers among those who have none. People in the country or in the suburbs could send nothing more welcome to their friends in our great towns than baskets of flowers. We send game, we send fruit, we send many things to our friends; but out of our great abundance we rarely send flowers. I do not forget that there is a difficulty—flowers are very perishable. But, with a little thought, a little care, I think that we might convey them to our friends without much deterioration on their passage. If those great ladies who say, as I have often heard them say, that they never see their roses in bloom upon the trees or the bushes, can still have them to decorate their dinner-tables\* and their drawing-rooms in London, we can send them to our sick friends at a distance. It is of the sick, indeed, that we should especially think in this case. For all who have ever suffered (and who has not?) know the cheering influence of flowers in the sick-room. I have recently seen, in one of our morning-papers, an appeal to flower-growers on behalf of our public hospitals. I heartily sympathize with this kindly advocacy. I have often thought how much is being done, in a quiet homely way, to mitigate the dreariness of hospital life, by opening boxes at some of the railway-stations (why should we not have them at all?) for the morning papers, which have beguiled the journey of so many travellers to London, which, like the marine, have "done their duty, and are ready to do it again." But, of course, this simple machinery cannot be used for the distribution of flowers, and in this busy striving world, when every quarter of an hour is of value to a man, the difficulty in all such cases is how to do what one could wish to do. If some good sister-of-charity would come to me in the morning (the earlier the better,) with a basket over her arm on behalf of St. George's Hospital, or any other similar institution, I would fill it to the brim with flowers of my own cutting. There are thousands in the

best cloth of gold I ever saw was on a cottager's wall. It is adapted for every position and for every pocket too. The poorest may get his own briars, and beg a few buds from the rich; and men of moderate means may make or maintain a rosary at a very moderate expense. There is nothing in floriculture to be perpetuated so cheaply as a garden of roses."

\* One of the pleasantest improvements of modern times is the embellishment of the dinner-table with flowers, in substitution of the old deformity of hideous joints of flesh and unseemly-looking carcasses of fowl.



suburbs of London who would do the same, until our hospitals are turned into gardens.

I wrote, in a former essay, something in favour of window-gardening. I am glad to see that it is growing and prospering under high auspices, and that Lord Shaftesbury, ever foremost in well-doing, has been promoting, with a heartiness beyond all praise, this, the almost solitary amusement of the poor Londoner that is only purifying in its effects. It has been said, and not without truth, that to place a row of flower-pots on one's window-ledges is to exclude so much air. Now I certainly would not recommend any one who can enjoy, in any other way, the beauty and perfume of flowers, to barricade his windows with flower-pots, or to festoon them with creepers. But it is much better to have these blessings, even with the drawback of which I have spoken, than not to have them at all; and if less air enters the poor man's room, what does enter it is sweeter, when it wafts the perfume of the flowers into the narrow and crowded chamber. As I am writing this by snatches, with sometimes intervals of a week, I take up a morning paper and I find a paragraph (August 5) headed "Docks and Flowers." The docks are not dock-leaves but dockyards. A dockyard is not quite the place in which one would expect to find flowers growing. My recollections of old visits to the docks do not include even a blade of grass. But I learn from the paper, that the directors of the East and West India Dock Companies, "annually promote a competition in the growth of flowers." "Their last horticultural fête," it is added, "took place last Wednesday and Thursday. The exhibitors were exclusively the servants of the company, the flowers, fruit, and vegetables having been reared in the West India Dock, where the fête was held, and where directors, officers, clerks, with their respective wives and friends assembled in happy accord. Money prizes were given for the two most cultivated gardens, also for climbers, garden herbs, vegetables, and flowers of various descriptions." Nothing can be pleasanter than this: to think of these burly dockyard labourers, after the work of the day is done, weary of the task of lowering heavy cases into the hold of sailing-vessels, or coaling steamers, or any other work that may belong to them, of which I have a general conception, derived from old reminiscences, but which I cannot very correctly describe — to think of their going at eventide to their narrow homes

and cultivating their little plots of garden-ground, under what must be regarded as somewhat discouraging circumstances and conditions, is very pleasant to contemplate.

Of course this is no solitary case, even in the close vicinity of the metropolis. I speak only of its exceptional discouragements. In my own immediate neighbourhood, there was a little while ago a workman's horticultural exhibition, which I was pleased to see had been promoted by some well-known popular writers of the present day. Within a very few years, an extensive village has sprung up near a railway station; and each tenement has a little garden-ground attached to it, and each workman has, I believe, a season-ticket; and when the owners of these little houses come out into the fresh country-air after their summer-day's work, they find more delectation (at least the best of them do) in their pleasant odorous garden-plots than in the reeking atmosphere of the public-house. And even when summer is over, there is the little pot-garden in the sitting-room to invite the loving care of the good man. I do not know any better antidote to gin, beer, and tobacco, than flowers and vegetables and a plot of ground in which to cultivate them. I have no objection to a pint of beer and a quiet pipe; what I mean to say is, that I like to think that a man has earned them well by an hour or two's digging in his garden.

I ought to have called this essay, in imitation of Shenstone, *Unconnected Thoughts on Gardening*, for now I am going back to speak of the gardening of the middle classes. A suggestion has been put forth in a daily journal, which is commonly in advance of the general intelligence of the age, to the effect that horticulture as a profession has been greatly overlooked. And I see that some of those periodicals which especially devote themselves to the interests of gentlemen have taken up the suggestion, and recommended it as a means of self-support to impoverished English ladies. Writing as an individual amateur gardener, I can say with the utmost sincerity that it would be a very happy circumstance if at this moment I knew the name of a horticulturist who could come to me and earn his guinea for a little general advice with regard to my roses and my fruit-trees. I complain that my roses put forth no flowers — that they are luxuriant only in great straggling shoots — that their leaves are mildewed, and that they are in an unwholesome state altogether. "My dear

sir," says the doctor, "how can you expect it to be otherwise? There are four dozen hardy, hungry geraniums in the same bed with those two standard roses. Of course they consume all the nourishment of the soil and absorb all the moisture. If you wished to fatten a couple of ducks, you would not turn four dozen voracious sparrows into the fattening house." Of course this is mere elementary knowledge, something that "everybody knows;" but it is astonishing how many mistakes we commit in matters which "everybody knows;" how the most obvious things escape our ken, in defiance of the plainest common sense. But, when the amateur is too far advanced to allow his gardener to commit such blundering as this, there are still many more abstruse questions to be put to the acute horticulturist—many diseases that he could arrest—many suggestions that he could make for reviving the drooping and strengthening the languid—for fertilizing and invigorating everywhere, among fruits and flowers—for the right times for sowing and planting—for those surgical operations which are so necessary at times for the amputation of unhealthy or over-luxuriant members which are weakening the whole tree. Of course we have our gardening books, and very useful they are. But there are some things not to be learnt from books. I confess that I have been trying to study the art of "budding roses," from gardening books, for some years past, and it is as great a mystery to me as ever. A flower-doctor would show me how to do it in half-an-hour, or send a cunning assistant to do it for me. It has been well said that this is pleasanter work than amputating arms and legs, and entering at all times the tainted atmosphere of the sick chamber. And for my own part I never could discover that the perfect mastery of all the secrets of the vegetable world requires a less degree of intelligence than that demanded for a perfect knowledge of the mysteries of the human frame. The study and the practice of horticulture are alike boundless and inexhaustible. There are no limits to the range in this direction of experimental science, embracing as it does many of the most interesting fields of chemical exploration. If I had to begin life again, and, if such were possible, with my present experience, I should be much disposed to select horticulture as a profession. There is nothing healthier or pleasanter, more elevating or more refining; and I am of opinion with the writer to whom I have referred, that

good incomes may be made, especially by general practitioners who dispense their own drugs, or, in other words, issue the products of their gardens and glass-houses. But I am writing rather from the customer's or the patient's point of view; writing selfishly in short as one feeling a want which he wishes to have supplied. And, if I feel such a want, why may not thousand of others? Let Paterfamilias, who has more sons than he knows what to do with, think of this. Education may begin at home; and let the want be once admitted, we may be sure that we shall have no lack of schools and classes, professors and teachers, of Botany and Horticulture. The study should take a wide scope. It should embrace both the Useful and the Beautiful. Some, as in the medical profession, might select special branches of study and of practice; as we have our Aurists and Oculists, so might we have our Rosarians—a line especially adapted to practitioners of the gentler sex. Some might confine themselves to Floriculture; some might go in for Horticulture generally, and tackle the great subject of diseased potatoes. To a man thoroughly understanding that branch of science, the cry of "Oh, doctor, save my crops!" would be uttered in as earnest language as that other cry, "Oh, doctor, save my child!" And, indeed, to save human food is the next thing to saving human life.

In the meanwhile, there is much that we may learn for ourselves; even under the heaviest pressure of daily business, we may add, morning and evening, something to our store of horticultural facts. Nature, unsought, will make some new revelation to us every day, not only in the vegetable, but also in the animal world. There are a great number of lessons for us still to learn, but, if one only lives long enough one may learn them some day, even before our eyes are opened in another world. One of the most puzzling is about our "Garden Friends and Foes." There are some animals or animalculæ that prey on the vegetable kingdom, and I have been slow to understand their uses. They are most destructive both to human food and to floral beauty. I have often wondered whether the poet Cowper, who potted about the Olney garden, much as I potter about mine, in undress, but with the substitution of a wideawake for a nightcap, would have refused to "enter" me in his "list of friends," for having killed, during some years past, as many snails and slugs as I could catch in *flagrante delicto*. I have often wondered what could be the use of

snails. But even this question seems now to be solved, for I read that they are in great demand in Paris for culinary purposes. One journal says that they are worth a halfpenny a piece. If so, I think that I could pretty well pay my gardener out of my captures in the early morning, especially if there has been a shower of rain, or there is a heavy dew on the verdure, if they should be of the right kind for the pot. I remember that my father used to give me when a boy, a shilling a hundred for all I caught and destroyed, which was cheap for the money; for the same number would now realize 4s. 2d. in the market. I used to pass the garden-roller over them in those days, by no means to the improvement of the gravel-walks, until being reproached by the gardener for this unseemly conduct, I carried them into the kitchen and boiled them. In fact I turned them unwittingly into soup, not knowing that some day this compound would rival the turtle of the Mansion House.\* Now I sprinkle a little salt upon their horns and they die promptly, in an agony of green froth. But I am somewhat stricken with remorse at the thought of the immense amount of human food I might have destroyed in the course of my life. The present aspect of affairs perplexes me. Will a snail-market be established in London? If so, I might pick them tenderly off the young ferns on my favourite bank (they are very fond of young ferns) and consign them to some fitting receptacle to fatten on less expensive food; and if they are not exactly the right reptiles for the market, I could, doubtless, develop them in my "snailery" into the highest class of esculent. I have seen people devouring molluscs of a far less tempting character.

But it would be unseemly to conclude an Essay on Flowers by writing about snails; so I would fain divert the thoughts of the reader from these material considerations, and bring them back again to the sweet odours of the garden. How pleasantly has Cowley, alternating the satirical with the sublime, written in his *Garden* the following happy lines, in a

more familiar strain than the rest of the poem:—

Who that has reason and his smell  
Would not among roses and jasmine dwell,  
Rather than all his spirits choke  
With exhalations of dirt and smoke,  
And all the uncleanness which does drown  
In pestilential clouds a populous town?  
The earth itself breathes better perfumes here  
Than all the female men, or women, there,  
Not without cause, about them bear.

These two last lines contain a hard hit at the fops of the Restoration — the scented "female men" — and those of both sexes or of no sex who perfume themselves "not without cause." Still, we must exercise due toleration towards those, who, like Samuel Johnson and Charles Lamb, as I have above written, delight more in the beauties of the town. Even as regards perfume, there are those who think the odours of the town preferable to those of the country. I have just read in a pleasant little volume of "Johnsoniana" an anecdote in illustration of the great lexicographer's anti-rural tastes and habits. Johnson and Boswell had agreed that Greenwich Park was "not equal to Fleet Street." On which it is observed: "Johnson and his friend appear to have agreed in taste with a baronet very fashionable in the brilliant world, Sir Michael de Fleming, who, on his attention being called to the fragrance of a May evening in the country, observed, 'This may be very well; but, for my part, I prefer the smell of a flambeau at the play-house.'" Such is the power of association. There are men not to be ruralized.

But is not this all for the best? Is it not well that there should be lovers of the town and lovers of the country? There may be optimists among both. It has been said of a good work of fiction that the end should come round to meet the beginning. Assuredly an essay should do the same. So I do not think that I can conclude this paper with anything better than the following further extract from the "Johnsoniana": "On a very rainy night Boswell made some commonplace observations on the relaxation of nerves and depression of spirits which such weather occasions, adding, however, that it was good for the vegetable creation. Johnson, who systematically denied that the temperature of the air had any influence on the human frame, answered with a smile of ridicule, 'Why, yes sir, it is good for vegetables, and for the animals who eat those vegetables, and for the animals who eat those animals.'" Surely

\* Long before this, however, the subject of snail soup had been broached, even in Great Britain. I remember reading, years ago, a delightful story of two Scotch philosophers — one, I think, was Dr. Black — who determined experimentally to dine upon snail soup. They began heroically upon it, but after many wry faces, one said to the other, "Don't you think it tastes a little green, Doctor?" Upon which the other pushed away his plate and delightedly exclaimed, "D—d green—d—d green; tak' it away — tak' it away!"

there is great wisdom in this, if we only rightly consider it? At least, it ought to command the respectful approval of

AN OPTIMIST.

From The Spectator.

GEORGE ELIOT'S MORAL ANATOMY.

"MIDDLEMARCH" bids more than fair to be one of the great books of the world. There are, as we have often noted, tones and undertones in it that are not to our liking, and that to a certain extent jar with the large and genial freedom of delineation that is of the very essence of George Eliot's best manner. But no writer who aims as high as George Eliot, can be free from visible defects. — it is only the well-marked limitation of Miss Austen's aim and field of view which enables her to be in her own way all but absolute perfection, — and when you have, as you have in George Eliot, much more than a dash of the philosophy of character mingled with so wonderful a power of accurate imagination and delineation, when you have so high a moral ideal touching closely the vivid picture of minute practical life, you cannot expect to come off quite without dissonances and inward disappointments. Mr. Trollope scours a still greater surface of modern life with at least equal fidelity, but then how much less is the depth of drawing behind his figures! One would know all his characters if one met them in actual life, and know a great deal more of them than we do of ninety-nine out of every hundred of our actual acquaintances, but then he seldom or never picks out a character that it is not perfectly easy to draw in the light fresco of our modern-society school. He gives you where it is necessary the emotions proper to the situations, but rarely or never the emotions which lie concealed behind the situations and which give a kind of irony to them. His characters are carved out of the materials of ordinary society; George Eliot's include many which make ordinary society seem a sort of satire on the life behind it.

In a word, what gives a great deal of their peculiar stamp, both in the way of fresh interest, and of questionable or even challengeable drift, to George Eliot's pictures, is the theoretic nature of the moral anatomy which she applies to her own creations, subtle and wonderful as its range certainly is. She has a speculative philosophy of character that always runs on in a parallel stream with her picture of charac-

ter, sometimes adding to it an extraordinary fascination, sometimes seeming to distort it by a vein of needless and perhaps unjust suggestion. Her characters are so real that they have a life and body of their own quite distinct from her criticisms on them; and one is conscious at times of taking part with her characters against the author, and of accusing her of availing herself unfairly of the privilege of author, by adding a trait that bears out her own criticism rather than her own imaginative conception. Thus when she says of Celia, "Celia, whose mind had never been thought too powerful, saw the emptiness of other people's pretensions much more readily" [than Dorothea]; and again, "to have in general but little feeling seems to be the only security against feeling too much on any particular occasion," — the reader protests vigorously against the notion that a wide-awake practical mind is necessarily less devoid of deep feeling than a visionary and idealist mind, though, of course, the types of feeling are different. Indeed, one is apt to set down that unkind hit at Celia to personal antipathy on the author's part. So when Celia subsequently explains, without the least regard to her sister's feelings, that cruel and ungenerous codicil to Mr. Casaubon's will by which Dorothea is deprived of her jointure if she marries Will Ladislav, one is disposed to attribute this great want of sisterly delicacy more to the author's prejudice against Celia than to any confidence of the reader in the asserted fact that this was so. Celia had not only been accused of want of feeling for seeing through Mr. Casaubon, but her criticisms on her sister's blind idealism, which were in the main just, had been likened to those publicly passed by "Murr the cat" on our human life; and this certainly looked like an *animus* against Celia, for which the reader was bound to allow. One knows perfectly well that practical girls of this far from dreamy type do often exhibit the warmest affections, and so one is not prepared to accept absolutely George Eliot's rationale of Celia's clear-sightedness as arising in coldness of heart, and is prepared to distrust even decidedly asserted facts which appear to be at all unreasonably depreciative of her.

And so with Rosamond Vincy, against whom also George Eliot, in her keen exercise of her powers of moral anatomy, appears to make one of her dead sets. Rosamond Vincy's — or rather, we should say, Rosamond Lydgate's — nature is thin, gently selfish, and obstinate, under a veil of perfect delicacy and refinement. Not-

ing can be more marvellously painted than the picture of her irresponsiveness to her husband's anxieties, fears, and hopes in this new number of "Middlemarch." It is a picture such as carries home to those who were previously inclined to take Rosamond's part against the author, the conviction that they were wrong, and George Eliot right. When her husband warned her not to mention something which he thought would be painful to Will Ladislaw, and she, fully intending to mention it at the next opportunity, "turned her neck and patted her hair, looking the image of placid indifference," it is impossible to rebel against the force of the picture. You know that the girl was what George Eliot is painting her, and this in spite of a certain suspicion of the literary treatment accorded to Rosamond. But then what is it that first inspires this distrust, that induces one to doubt the possible equity of the writer's delineation? It is that apparently malicious bit of moral anatomy in which Rosamond's depression is described when she thinks she is going to lose Lydgate after all, — to get no offer from him: — "Poor Rosamond lost her appetite, and felt as forsaken as Ariadne, — as a charming stage Ariadne left behind with all her boxes full of costumes and no hope of a coach." Now, that is palpably an unkind author's criticism not founded on truth. Rosamond is thin, and selfish, and self-occupied, but she is not stagey. Her grief, such as it was, though of a feeble and thready kind, was perfectly genuine. That prick of the needle was due to literary malice, a prick that only literary dislike would have given, and hence our early distrust of many of the traits given of Rosamond, until the immense force and power of the picture in the new number conquered us, and we gave in to the general fidelity of the picture. This power of theoretic moral anatomy, considering the liability it involves to the delivery of false thrusts which the picture, even as painted by the author's imaginative genius, does not justify, is a somewhat dangerous one. It often adds greatly to the depth and charm of the drawing. It sometimes shakes one's faith not a little in the impartiality of the author who thus criticizes (unfairly) her own creations.

But where the characters are so slightly sketched that there is no possibility of their taking up a distinct life and body of their own independent of their author, where the author's criticism, be it prejudice or be it insight, is an essential part of the sketch, this power of keen moral anat-

omy adds greatly to the vivacity and humour and life of the picture which is by it compressed into a short space. Compare George Eliot's brief sketches, — such sketches as that of Mr. Trumbull the auctioneer, or Mr. Solomon Featherstone, to neither of which are many lines devoted, — with Mr. Trollope's equally brief sketches, and you will find the difference in vividness immense; and simply for this reason, that one or two touches of keen moral anatomy imply a multitude of traits, which it would take a long and careful delineation to bring out in a full portrait. Here is the first descent of the dissecting-knife into the motives of Solomon Featherstone. "He was a large-checked man, nearly seventy, with small, furtive eyes, and was not only of much blander temper, but thought himself much deeper than his brother Peter; indeed, not likely to be deceived by any of his fellow-men, inasmuch as they could not well be more greedy and deceitful than he suspected them of being. *Even the invisible powers, he thought, were likely to be soothed by a bland parenthesis here and there — coming from a man of property, who might have been as impious as others.*" And again, "'Might any one ask what their brother has been saying?' said Solomon, in a soft tone of humility, in which he had a sense of luxurious cunning, he being a rich man and not in need of it." Or take the touch in the new number: — "The hour-hand of a clock was quick by comparison with Mr. Solomon, who had an agreeable sense that he could afford to be slow. He was in the habit of pausing for a cautious, vaguely designing chat with every hedger or ditcher on his way, and was especially willing to listen even to news which he had heard before, feeling himself at an advantage over all narrators in partially disbelieving them." Without a most delicate and keen divining of motives, it would have taken whole sheets of delineation to have given such a sketch as this of Mr. Solomon.

Again, take the wonderfully skilful anatomy of the auctioneer Mr. Trumbull when suffering under pneumonia. "Mr. Trumbull was a robust man, a good subject for trying the expectant theory upon, — watching the course of an interesting disease when left as much as possible to itself, so that the stages might be marked for future guidance; and from the air with which he described his sensations, Lydgate surmised that he would like to be taken into his medical man's confidence, and be represented as a partner in his own cure. The auctioneer heard without much surprise that his was a constitution which (al-



ways with due watching) might be left to itself, so as to offer a beautiful example of a disease with all its phases seen in clear delineation, and that he probably had the rare strength of mind voluntarily to become the test of a rational procedure, and thus make the disorder of his pulmonary functions a benefit to society. Mr. Trumbull acquiesced at once, and entered strongly into the view that an illness of his was no ordinary occasion for medical science. "Never fear, Sir; you are not speaking to one who is altogether ignorant of the *vis medicatrix*," said he, with his usual superiority of expression made rather pathetic by difficulty of breathing. And he went without shrinking through his abstinence from drugs, *much sustained by applications of the thermometer, which implied the importance of his temperature, by the sense that he furnished objects for the microscope, and by learning many new words which seemed suitable to the dignity of his secretions.*" Skilful and effective as that is, perhaps it is outdone by a touch in the new number, in which Mr. Trumbull (after his temperature has reached the normal 98·6° again, and he no longer "furnishes objects to the microscope,") appears in his proper professional character of auctioneer, and the author says of him:—"Some saturnine, sour-blooded persons might object to be continually insisting on the merits of all articles from boot-jacks to Berghems; but Mr. Borthrop Trumbull had a kindly liquid in his veins; he was an admirer by nature, and would have liked to have the universe under his hammer, feeling that it would go at a higher figure for his recommendation." These are the kind of touches of moral anatomy which give you a vivid picture—whether true or false,—and which, therefore, in the absence of any delineation sufficient to give the character a hold on the reader's imagination so strong as to enable him to question the consistency of any of the author's own criticisms on it, supply the place of many a painstaking dialogue or circumstantial narrative. George Eliot's singular power of moral anatomy, while it is now and then used in a way that makes one think her unju-ly hostile to some of her own creations, is a wonderful reserve-force for the slighter sketches of the story. By it she makes the crowd of secondary figures flash upon us with a wonderful though momentary vividness, though now and then she uses the same powerful but dangerous instrument so as to cast a misleading effect on one or more of those leading characters whose natures are far more familiar and whose destinies are far

more interesting to us, than those of ninety-nine hundredths of the actual men and women amongst whom our lot is cast.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

#### THE COLONIES AND THE GENEVA AWARD.

THERE is one incidental point of view, so to speak, in which the recent decision of the Arbitrators under the Washington Treaty must be regarded as embarrassing, and as making a call on our English statesmen to meet its difficulties very unlikely, we fear, to find a response. The difficulties to which we allude are those which must arise between the mother country and the colonies under the rules of the Washington Treaty—whether to be properly called new rules, or mere recapitulations of existing usage, matters not to our present purpose. We are condemned, as neutrals, to guard ourselves sedulously against allowing to our own subjects, and to belligerents, an amount of licence which hitherto had been deemed permissible. But we are not only to keep watch against all the machinations of interested parties within our own local limits. We own colonies scattered over the whole habitable globe, and we are responsible—rightly, or rather inevitably—for any breach of the laws of neutrality committed or connived at wherever the British flag is planted on the soil. This is a kind of guardianship which it would not have been easy to exercise even in former days, when the Imperial Government possessed rights of administration and government in her dependencies which are now abnegated or obsolete, except as to a few of the most important. Our position towards our colonies, as fixed by modern practice, may be summed up in a few words. The colonies (subject of course to special exceptions) have no direct interest in remaining attached to us, unless it be that they obtain thereby naval protection. We no longer pay them tribute under any form, nor show them legal favour. The benefits which their trade receives from the union is (in the opinion of many) problematical. We are in course of withdrawing from them our garrisons. They pay the whole expense of their own Government, and manage their own revenues. Now it is on communities thus slightly attached to us that we are ordered to enforce the onerous and costly duties of surveillance over the proceedings of both the belligerents and of subjects of their own. This, no doubt, is no new

duty; but it is a duty which, according to the conclusions deducible from the award, will be far more severe than it has hitherto been. We have no police of our own in colonies to perform it. We must trust to the vigilance and severity and impartiality of Governments which have practically no pressing interest in the issue. And if a colony fails in a duty so special and so distasteful it is we—not the colony—who have to pay for the damage resulting from such failure. We are compellable either to pay or to fight because the governor of some remote island in the Atlantic or Indian Ocean has received and acted upon mistaken advice from a local Attorney-General. And that mistaken advice may have been tendered—aye, and accepted too—not merely under the influence of error, but under that of partiality. Colonial officers are no more impeccable than they are infallible. They may take one-sided views of their duty as well as form inaccurate judgments. The public in a colony is quite as apt as in the mother country—probably more so—to take up with ardour one side or the other in a foreign dispute. And its Government is even more strongly than ours under the influence of popular passion or fashion. And it has, as we have said, no fears to restrain its partialities. If it acts wrong, it is England, not the colony, which has to face the results.

To show that these are not mere imaginary apprehensions, let us trace a little, distasteful though the task may be, the history of our colonial dealings with the Confederate vessels of which the names have become so disagreeably familiar to us. The *Oreto* (Florida) arrives at Nassau under circumstances arousing strong suspicion that she is "fitting and preparing for a vessel of war." The American consul denounces her. Two British naval officers on the station are ready and willing to assist the local government in seizing her "should she attempt to take ammunition on board." But the local government view the matter very differently. "They answered the naval officers evasively," says Count Sclopis. A "general sympathy," says Mr. Adams, "is manifested by the population." In fact, it is suggested that the blockade-running interest was predominant among them. The Attorney-General reports that nothing can be done. An attempt is made to procure the condemnation of the *Oreto* in the Colonial Court of Admiralty, fortified by the opinion of the English law advisers, which had been taken in the interval. The Court of

Admiralty knows better, and lets the vessel go. The view entertained by the American commentator, Mr. Adams, of these proceedings may be guessed. But Sir Alexander Cockburn, though acquitting the colonial authorities of "corrupt" intentions, passes a sentence on their conduct which is the more grave from its measured language. He is "not prepared to say that a degree of activity such as the circumstances demanded was exhibited in the case of the *Oreto*." While of the trial he says that there was abundant evidence on which to condemn this vessel, and she ought to have been condemned. There was a "miscarriage of justice;" and for this Bahamian "miscarriage," whatever the cause of it, England has to pay.

Now the Bahamas colony is a little group of islands with some thirty thousand inhabitants, of whom the large majority are coloured people, who exercise no influence on what we must term the "public opinion" of the community. Over the little residue, the "upper" thousand, we exercise no control whatever. They pay their way and govern themselves, and would reject as an insult, on the soundest constitutional grounds, any attempt on our part to establish a naval police among them independent of their own little Government. But the circumstances and the temper of the Bahamas were the same with those of most of our outlying colonies, and especially the West Indian. Probably, in all of them public opinion ran high in favour of their near neighbours, the States of the South. Every communication from the mother country encouraged that feeling. When the highest official personages in England were known to be favourably inclined to the Southern cause; when the House of Commons had just welcomed with shouts the declaration of Mr. Laird that he would rather have built a dozen *Alabamas* than made one of Mr. Bright's speeches, how could it be otherwise than that the same spirit of vertigo should seize on the hotter heads of our West Indian fellow-subjects? Add to this the irritation caused among our colonists in general by the overbearing language and enormous pretensions in which American officials were apt to indulge, of which abundant evidence may be found in the pages of the Foreign Office publication which we are using, and many among us will doubtless be ready to excuse their laxity if such it was. But, excuse or no, we have to pay for it, and may again.

So again at Jamaica, a much larger col-

ony, but similar to a considerable extent as to the tone of society, which could not but have its effect, or be suspected of having it, on the proceedings of the authorities. President Sclopis is of opinion that "the reception of the *Alabama* at Jamaica far exceeded the measure of what the duties of neutrality would admit of." Our Lord Chief Justice controverts this stricture on the ground that, whatever the sentiments of the people or of the authorities, we must not be condemned for breach of neutrality unless sufficient ground for such condemnation be found in our actions. Which, of course, is incontrovertible. But we fear that in the eyes of the world in general the relation between acts and sentiments will be held to be a close one. However, our concern is not to pronounce on what has been done, but to indicate the obvious dangers to which we are exposed whenever similar complications may recur.

We pass over minor matters of dispute which arose at the Cape, Barbadoes, and elsewhere, to notice what appears to us of more consequence. This is the illegal manning of the *Shenandoah* which took place at Melbourne. Of this Mr. Adams loudly complains, adding that the Confederate commander in all his movements was much favoured "by the almost universal sympathy of the residents at Melbourne and in the colony." Viscount Itajuba is inclined to acquit us of negligence in the matter, Mr. Staempfli to condemn us. But the opinion of Sir Alexander Cockburn bears directly on our point. The local police, he says, "appear to have failed to carry out their instructions at a critical moment," although "the Government and Council acted throughout under an honest and thorough sense of duty." Now, we discard at once the imputation thrown out by Mr. Adams, that Southern partialities paralyzed the action of the authorities. Such a charge may not be without plausibility in the case of small colonies and prejudiced societies; not so in that of Victoria, a great community far removed from the scene of action. But it is enough for our purpose that a failure of duty, in point of fact, is recognized. Now Melbourne is a great new city, with a large fluctuating marine population, with everything raw and incomplete in matters of police and administration. And its authorities, under "responsible" Government, are appointed by mere partizan selection. Not only has England nothing to do with their choice, but neither has the governor. And yet for the acts and neglects of officers so nominated, under circumstances of no com-

mon difficulty, the British taxpayer is responsible. It would be of no use, before any tribunal of arbitration, to urge that the English Cabinet can be in no rational sense answerable for the Melbourne constables. The answer would obviously be, If you choose to call yourselves masters of great seaports all over the world, you are responsible for maintaining international police in them. We call on you to keep the public peace in your dependencies; it is no answer to us to say that you have deprived yourselves of all legal means of doing so.

Such, we repeat, is the "fix" in which the somewhat anarchical organization of our colonial empire seems to have placed us. It is not for us to indicate an issue from it, if there be any. One thing, however, is evident. That class of politicians who take up with eagerness what they call the "colonial question," and deal in vague suggestions of a great Imperial federation, have here a very promising text to enlarge upon. It is certain that the notion of some common constitution, placing all the members of our scattered empire under one head to be created by the contribution of all the members, affords in theory the most obvious solution of the difficulties here suggested. Nor shall we at all regret the circumstance if the obviously renewable danger from which we have just escaped at considerable cost of self-opinion brings home the necessity for doing something in this matter to minds of more practical order than those of colonial reformers. At the same time our hopes of such a solution are very moderate. Colonists who indulge in fancies of this kind are honourably bent on securing for their communities a larger share in Imperial greatness. But if that share were to be purchased by the sacrifice of a single item of their present quasi-independence — by submitting to the interference of Imperial officers in their domestic concerns — a change, we suspect, would come over the colour of their dream. They would insist at all events on further concessions on the side of the mother country by way of counterpoise; and the mother country has really none to make. We can only expect, therefore, that when the effects of the immediate "scare" have passed off, things will go on as they did before, and we shall run our risk. Minor complications may doubtless reappear. But a great maritime war, largely involving the interests of commercial nations, in which England shall take no part, is not in truth a very probable event: nor will history easily repro-

duce circumstances like those of the American civil struggle, in which a mighty and well-appointed regular fleet was engaged (at sea) against a pack of reckless adventurers without a nation, got together to prey on commerce, but elevated into the international rank of a navy through the act of their own opponents in proclaiming them belligerents.

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From The Economist.

**M. GAMBETTA AND THE CONSERVATIVES.**

MR. FORSTER in his Bradford speech took credit to the Anglo-Saxon nations for one quality which went far to aid in the reconciliation of political and social order with individual liberty, — a certain sympathy with opponents, a deficiency in that inveteracy of hostility which changes a conflict of principles into a war of passions. It is impossible to study French politics with any care without coming instantly on the illustration of the opposite condition of mind. Not indeed that you could argue it solely from the language used by the political leaders of opposite tendencies in France. We shall find nothing of vituperation in M. Gambetta's speech at Grenoble the other day, which has brought down upon him such fierce rebukes from the Press, both Monarchical and Moderate-Republican, which we might not easily cap, and much more than cap, out of the great speeches of Mr. Bright during the Free-trade agitation in 1843-5, and again during the Reform agitation which he led in 1858-9. It is not so much the language used, as the effect which that language produces — the effect which, to some extent, we must assume, it was expected to produce by the speaker — which shows us how dangerously inveterate is the hostility between opposite parties in France. Mr. Bright called the army of Great Britain a great system of out-door relief for the aristocracy of this country, and the Bishops the monstrous fruit of an adulterous union between Church and State, without producing, or expecting to produce, any electric effect on the political temper of the classes he attacked. They attacked him in turn, in language not at all more agreeable though probably less imaginative, and both parties knew perfectly well that if it should ever happen, — as it did happen, — that Mr. Bright should be invited to sit in the same Cabinet with Peers, and to advise the Crown on the policy to be pursued towards Bishops, — neither the Peers,

nor the Bishops, nor Mr. Bright himself would feel that anything very unnatural had come to pass. But in France language very much less violent seems to excite passions very much more violent. M. Gambetta at Grenoble certainly liberated his soul pretty freely against the old Monarchical parties and "those people at Versailles." He called some of his opponents, but without explaining whom, sycophants and deceivers. He made fun of them. He imputed insincerity to them. He warned Republicans to be on the watch against them. And he spoke of the existing National Assembly with scorn as well as distrust. But he went no further. He did not invite to persecution. He did not even draw very deeply on the resources of invective. As invective, the Birmingham League might almost rival it in their sneers at the present Government. And yet M. John Lemoinne, in the *Débats*, finds his spirit moved to the very depths in horror of it. He found in Gambetta's speech "the most detestable spirit, and the most execrable tendencies," and characterizes it as tending to "civil war." No one accustomed to the extreme freedom of English political declamation can read M. Gambetta's speech at Grenoble without a certain astonishment at the effect which it seems to have produced, and the only key we can find to that effect is in M. Gambetta's own remarkable assertion, that France is subject to the chronic malady of fear — of panic — and that she is easily governed by means of fear. "Brave, young, ardent, heroic, disinterested on the field of battle as France is, on the field of politics she is just as timid, hesitating, easy to pacify, easy to deceive, easy to dominate. It is fear which is the unrest of this country; it was fear which constituted the resources of the reaction in 1849; it was to fear that the cut-throat of 1851 owed his principal strength; it was by fear that he was able to degrade and subjugate France for twenty years; it was by fear that he was able to conjure his millions of voices out of the plébiscite; it was by fear that the reaction of the 8th February, 1871, was rendered possible; it is always by fear that reactions take effect." No doubt; and it is really by the same fear that M. Gambetta's words now take such violent action in France, and work such alarming political convulsion fits amongst his opponents. We would venture to suggest to Mr. Forster that it is not so much the sympathy between Anglo-Saxon opponents, as the impossibility of producing anything like real fear of each other which seems to

deaden the effect of every political blow which we strike. In France it is just the reverse; any blow, however light, seems to be taken up and multiplied indefinitely by the electric medium in which it is delivered, and therefore the alarm with which it is received is so violent and even spasmodic.

But for this very reason, we cannot help thinking that M. Gambetta has committed a serious mistake in making this speech, apart from the imprudence of the few really coarse and violent expressions he did use — such as “cut-throat,” applied to the Emperor, and “sycophants and deceivers” to the Monarchical intriguers in the Assembly. Everything was working for the Republic, and even for the “definitive and progressive Republic,” as distinguished from the existing provisional and ultra-Conservative Republic, before his speech. All that his speech has done is to electrify into new tremors that spirit of panic in France of which he himself gives us so striking a picture. It is the part of a genuine Republican — especially of a Radical Republican — to do all in his power to create in France the impression that a Republic, while firmly preserving order, will be the most magnanimous and the least suspicious and exacting of all possible Governments; that it can afford to be generous, to let its enemies speak freely so long as they obey the law, and to show by its moderation and courage that its self-respect and confidence are not disturbed by their hostile machinations. This, we say, is the one thing needful for a Republic in France. The party of liberty have done everything there except securing liberty. They have refused the liberty to hint a word against liberty, and consequently they have got the character of inquisitorial propagandists, and the repute of imposing liberty by the sword. Now is the time to strike a blow against that dangerous reputation. Now is the time when a Republican form of government might be definitively secured, if the Republicans would but make it felt that their opponents have far less to fear from them than they have from their opponents. This has been and is the work of M. Thiers' Government. It has defeated the Legitimists, and Orleanists, and Imperialists, simply by suffering them and exposing their weakness and their mutual discords. It has assailed none of these parties, and hence they have had no motive for making common cause, and sinking their differences in hatred of the enemy. Let Republicanism once become *tête exaltée*, let it

once get to screaming out “sycophants and deceivers” against its antagonists, let it once begin to call the ex-Emperor a cut-throat, and make the Imperialists of the provinces tremble for their property and lives, and we shall have the Moderate-Republican movement in the departments reversed, and the timid peasants beginning to ask themselves whether they can trust these Radical fanatics who make war “for an idea.” The man who elucidated to France the terrible power of panic-fear was bound to have drawn the conclusion that all genuine Republicans should try to bury that spectre for ever by the largeness, the moderation, the firmness, the courage, the magnanimity of their language and their deeds. That M. Gambetta did not do this, but appealed to the very power the might of which he so eloquently deprecated, is no doubt sufficient to justify M. John Lemoine for his condemnation, but not sufficient to justify him in employing in return even a stronger language of vindictive scorn and political menace than that which he rebukes in his opponent.

Up to the time of the Grenoble meeting, M. Gambetta had undoubtedly shown a power of self-restraint and moderation which seemed to mark him out, in the great dearth of political talent in France, as a probable successor to M. Thiers. Nor will a single mistake, such as he has just made, disqualify him finally for such a position. But if he wishes to guide the French Republic he must not repeat that mistake. France is no doubt for a time governed by any self-confident intellect which assumes the power, and has a shadow of right to govern her. But permanently she cannot be governed except by those who really wish to govern in the name of France, and for the sake of France, and without relation to any narrow party creeds. M. Gambetta may be the choice of Paris, but he will not be the choice of the nation unless he looks far beyond Paris for his authority to rule. He must find the means to sow confidence in slow and timid populations, and he will not do that by shrieking out panegyrics on Paris, and reminding the nation of the disasters of June, 1848. He has every right to advocate the dissolution of the existing Assembly, but he is very foolish if he connects with that idea the substitution of an Assembly that will be at all like the democratic Assemblies of either 1792 or 1848. A Republic “divides France least,” exactly because it alone might continue to exist without a new revolution, without a new political earthquake. But if it is to imply



a new troubling of the waters, in what will it divide France less than a Monarchy or an Empire? M. Gambetta has made a great political mistake. Let him retrieve it as fast as he can by preaching everywhere that the Republic is tolerant, patient, brave, not afraid of its enemies, and even reluctant to make them tremble before it, and then it will be by no means impossible that, in spite of M. John Lemoinne, nay, perhaps, even with the full concurrence of that accomplished journalist, he may succeed to the great rôle of M. Thiers.

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From Saint Pauls.  
AT THE PHILHARMONIC.

I WENT to hear that music, in order, if it might be, to rid my mind of an absorbing, irritating, personal annoyance, which I knew it was unworthy to ponder over, having graver and nobler anxieties, but could not, for the life of me, dismiss from my thoughts for more than a few moments. The ignoble worry—for it deserved no other name—perpetually reappeared, more exasperating and more persistent after each enforced banishment from my mind, and—as the French say of *le naturel*—every time I chased it away, *il revenait au galop*.

It chanced that the piece was a quintette by Mendelssohn, and one which was new to me. It opened with a long-drawn *sottovoce* sigh from the violoncello, instantly responded to by a rapid, irritable, indignant little phrase from the first violin, which plainly exclaimed: "*God bless my soul, how is it possible you don't understand!*"

This roused the other four instruments, all of whom endeavoured to soothe and explain, and matters appeared to be getting less agitating when the viola—who, to speak the truth, had merely been repeating, without much earnestness and in a sort of mechanical way, the explanations of the others—suddenly caught up the first violin's point of view, and exclaimed: "*God bless my soul, how is it possible you don't understand!*" This produced a general protest: "But we do understand!

don't you hear what we say? why don't you listen!" etc. etc.; to which the first violin added: Why that's precisely what I say! "*God bless my soul, how is it possible you don't understand!*"

The viola was somewhat confused at this, and declared that the violin had no occasion to be angry, for that, after all, she was supporting his view of the case; and the two continued for a short time agreeing very amicably together, murmuring "just so," "exactly," "of course," in quite friendly fashion, when the second violin burst out indignantly in his turn, scornfully remarking that it was all very well to go on flattering one another in that way ("They always do!") put in the double-bass), but the real fact of the matter was, that not a single one of them really understood—

"Not understand!" shouted the first violin and viola together, "why we understood from the very first that—" "And so did I," said the double-bass, "I saw at the beginning that—" But here the second violin grew quite desperate, and fairly shrieked out "*God bless my soul, how is it possible you don't understand!*"

To describe the fury with which all turned upon the second violin at this, would be impossible. The violoncello tried hard to interpose, and even declared, with some asperity, that matters need never have gone so far if, instead of interrupting him at the very first word he uttered, they had only heard what he had to say; he even made what seemed to be an attempt to say it, sufficiently loud to be heard above the clamour of the others, but in vain; and his voice sank at last into a monotonous, grumbling protest, which he kept up until the other four, who, with ever-increasing violence, continued asking each other, all at once: "*God bless my soul, how is it possible you do not understand!*" suddenly came to an abrupt close, evidently from sheer exhaustion and want of breath.

A moment of silence ensued, and the violoncello then repeated his first sigh, more softly and still more sadly than before, and as none of the others had energy left to quarrel with him, remained mournfully master of the situation.

FANATICUS GERMANICUS.